





doctrines are necessary to a sympathetic understanding—not the acceptance—of the whole Kantian enterprise, as envisaged in the introduction to the first Critique and executed in it and the other two Critiques. Mr. Strawson does not explicitly mention the third aspect of the first Critique, the so-called metaphysical exposition, i.e. Kant's brilliant and brilliantly successful attempt to isolate the non-empirical and non-logical concepts and principles in the common sense, mathematics and the sciences of his day. This great achievement of Kant would remain, even if one sympathetically understood and yet rejected not only transcendental idealism but also Kant's or indeed any transcendental deduction.

As might be expected, Mr. Strawson's remarks are most interesting, and most open to serious objections, when he defends what he takes to be the true content and spirit of the first Critique against Kant's own allegedly mistaken arguments and confusions. An example is the replacement of the Kantian by his own doctrine of the *a priori*. He acknowledges that according to Kant the whole problem of the first Critique can be epitomized in the question: How are *a priori* synthetic judgments possible? Yet he states without much argument that Kant has "no clear and general conception of the synthetic *a priori* at all" and implies that if one wants to understand the true import of Kant's achievement one will do best to bypass this question. This dismissal of a central Kantian concept is much too cavalier. At the very least we are entitled to ask

the reasons why it cannot be reconstructed in the spirit both of Kant and of modern logic—for example on the following lines: Kant was mistaken in holding that Aristotle's logic by itself is the logic underlying common sense, mathematical and scientific reasoning. The underlying logic, whatever its details may be, is richer. Define, therefore, the notions of logical truth, deductibility and logical independence after the fashion of modern formal logicians. Define further as "Humean" all propositions which Hume regarded as empirical and Kant as merely perceptual judgments. We can then in the spirit of Kant and (modern) formal logic define a proposition as *analytic* if, and only if, it is logically true; as *synthetic a posteriori* if, and only if, it is logically dependent on a Humean proposition; and as *synthetic a priori* if, and only if, it is neither analytic nor logically dependent on a Humean proposition. The principles of the conservation of mass and of causality are neither logically true nor logically dependent on a Humean proposition. They are in Kant's sense and in the new sense *synthetic a priori*. (Kant, of course, also held that—unlike, say, the propositions of rational cosmology—they were true and that he had established their truth by a transcendental deduction.)

Mr. Strawson argues that the core doctrine of the *a priori* is captured by his own notion of what he calls the "austere sense" of the term. A feature of experience is *a priori* in the "austere sense" if it is "an essential element in any coherent

conception of experience that we could form". The explanation immediately prompts a number of related questions to which Mr. Strawson gives no clear answers. First of all, what is meant by "coherent conception"? Are there criteria for it or is coherence, once discovered, self-evident? Second, even if one were to grant that the notion is clear, how could one demonstrate that every coherent conception of experience must include all the features which Kant regarded as essential or those of them which Kant and Mr. Strawson regard as essential? These questions are not idle, since the ordinary uses of "coherence" are not clear enough to carry the burden which Mr. Strawson puts upon them and since the technical senses of the term as used by, for example, some absolute idealists are notoriously ill-defined. If Kant has "no clear and general conception of the synthetic *a priori*", then Mr. Strawson's conception of the "*a priori* in the austere sense" is even more opaque.

Every commentator on the first Critique must face, and give his own answer to, the question whether Kant succeeded in his transcendental deduction of the *a priori* features of our experience of the world. Mr. Strawson rejects what he calls an "historical view of the matter", according to which the theses of the Transcendental Aesthetic have to be revised in the light of the post-Kantian development of mathematics and natural science. Yet he himself suggests some considerable revisions on the ground that Kant's philosophy was in many ways dependent on mathematical and scientific assumptions which Kant wrongly regarded as immutable. He argues that the Kantian theses can be upheld in an attenuated form and that to this extent the transcendental deduction is valid. Yet his demarcation of the defensible from the indefensible parts of the transcendental deduction is rather vague. Thus he says that the Kantian conception "of a single spatio-temporal system embracing everything that physically exists" need not be "abandoned" because of the theory of relativity, but only "modified". But when does modification amount to abandonment? Orthodox quantum mechanics is not even compatible with the attenuated Kantian scheme (in which Euclidean space and Newtonian time are replaced by a four-dimensional Riemannian space with variable curvature). Has orthodox quantum mechanics to be rejected for this reason or has the Kantian conception to be abandoned or, if we prefer to put it this way, further modified? This and similar questions about the relation between Kant's and any other categorical schema on the one hand, and mathematics and physics on the other, cannot be shrugged off as philosophically irrelevant. They would have been of intense interest to Kant.

Just as one might fairly object that Mr. Strawson's notion of the austere *a priori* is not clear enough, and that his demarcation of Kant's tenable theses is not sharp enough, one might reasonably object to his account of the nature of Kant's, or any, transcendental deduction, which he describes as being not only an argument, but also "an explanation, a description, a story". It is not made clear how the argument is related to the description and the story and whether the argument is deductive, inductive or, perhaps, unanalytically *ad hoc*. Kant's own view of his transcendental deduction is of course inextricably bound up with his notions of *a priori* concepts and principles—notions which Mr. Strawson rejects.

These criticisms are certainly serious. But they are criticisms of serious points contained in a work which is throughout a serious piece of philosophy. Some readers' enjoyment of it will be marred by a minor blemish which they might easily—though unjustly—interpret as an immodest parochialism. Mr. Strawson does not acknowledge any indebtedness to earlier commentators, whom he has demonstrably studied with profit. And there is no acknowledgment of other writers who, before him, have expressed views similar to his own, e.g. on the nature of geometry as a phenomenal interpretation of sense-experience, idealized in certain quite compelling and specific ways.

Mr. Bennett's aims are similar to Mr. Strawson's. He holds, as is also stated on the cover of his book, that we understand Kant only in proportion as we can say, clearly and in contemporary terms, what his problems were, what contributions he made to their solution.

This is surely very reasonable. In his tone of unctuous reverence he frequently falls into the opposite extreme of being needlessly patronizing and abusive. He calls, for example, Kant's exposition of the transcendental deduction "neurotically inept" (why neurotically so?) and says that the discovery of the thoughts behind this exposition "would probably not be worth the trouble". Fortunately Mr. Bennett's rather disagreeable bark is worse than his analytical bite.

Mr. Bennett—even more so than Mr. Strawson—ignores the important aim of the Critical Philosophy of providing a philosophical foundation for mathematics and the natural sciences. This is particularly noticeable in his comments on the Transcendental Aesthetic. Translation into modern terms of its questions and answers requires, at least to some extent, a critical comparison with Hilbert's, Brouwer's and Gödel's philosophy of mathematics, especially as these important thinkers (rightly) appeal to Kant's insights in support of their philosophical views. The lack of any such comparison might mislead the inexperienced reader about the present state of the Kantian approach to the philosophy of mathematics. Like Mr. Strawson, Mr. Bennett rejects the Kantian trichotomy of all judgments into analytic, synthetic *a posteriori* and synthetic *a priori* judgments. According to him this trichotomy is based on what he calls the "bad old assumption" that there is an important distinction between the formal and the material features of a judgment. He may be right in holding that the distinction can be drawn in more ways than one. However, the possibility of alternative distinctions would not by itself invalidate the Kantian trichotomy with respect to that formal logic which underlies the thought and language investigated by Kant. Mr. Bennett's suggestion that "the most interesting truths which Kant calls 'synthetic *a priori*' are 'unobvious analytic truths under which certain distinctions can be made' is important. But it would require a more detailed account of analyticity in Mr. Bennett's sense. His criticism of the transcendental deduction is clear, acute and justified.

Mr. Bennett is at his best in the discussion of the "Analogies of Experience". In particular of the Second Analogy. He holds, as did C. S. Peirce, that although an objective realm must obey causal laws, the obedience need not be perfect. "Occasional furies of disorder" would not show the physical world to be a "figment of my imagination". Kant could not concede this point because he regarded Newtonian dynamics as literally and exactly true of the physical universe. Peirce saw that the available observational and experimental evidence permits the un-Kantian interpretation of classical physics as formulating only approximately regular connections between external phenomena. The emergence of quantum mechanics may, or may not, require more drastic revisions of the Second Analogy. By not discussing this problem Mr. Bennett fails to live up to his promise to translate the Kantian problems into modern terms and, one might add, to the spirit of Kant's philosophical undertaking.

Mr. Bennett's and Mr. Strawson's books are meant to be not so much guides to Kant's thought as modern reactions to it. They try to plumb the depths of the Kantian philosophy rather than to clear up the surface of Kant's own presentation. Yet, as time of another, earlier, Kantian revival, before plumbing Kant's depths it is advisable first to read him. And it might be added, if reading him should turn out too difficult, it is advisable to turn for help to writers whose aim is to explain rather than to revise his philosophy. This brings us to the books by Graham Bird, Dr. P. Wolff and Dr. P. Dryer.

Mr. Bird's *Kant's Theory of Knowledge* is particularly helpful in exhibiting the structure of the transcen-

dental deduction and in directing the reader to the sources of the employment of some categories of the stronger claim to have drawn the one and only set of categories from the importance of the stronger claim. Another of Mr. Bird's books is the *Structure of Kant's Philosophy* with Locke and Hume. He draws with little difficulty the alleged distinction that Professor Pichard, Kant, Kant did indeed not see the mind "constructs" the world in the same way in the geometrical figure, Mr. Bird Kantian terms into a modern "conceptual necessity", which will remain the standard account until fuller information becomes available. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, even then, its judgments are likely to need serious modification.

One of the many virtues of this book is that it places the acquisition of independence by India and Pakistan in the context of the broader decolonization process. Condemning the prophets of disaster, Mr. Bird succeeded in extrication from a psychological prison-house by a way to win the good will and even the respect of the independent successor-states. This operation represented—with the possible exception of the inauguration of the National Health Service—the most distinguished achievement of the post-war Labour Government. It was not only important in itself; it also provided a model for the subsequent decolonization exercises.

Professor Tinker says, "what one may call the Lancaster House pattern of independence-making by conference was made possible by the earlier experiment of bringing freedom to India and Pakistan". One need only look at the record

of our fellow decolonizers in Indonesia, Nigeria, the Congo and India to realize how immensely important, in terms of humane and civilized values, this "Lancaster House pattern" proved to be. Indeed, nothing became imperial Britain so well as her manner of imperial disengagement. The play of it was that so much of the good will thereby generated among the underdeveloped countries was thrown away in the stupidity of the Suez adventure, which restored Albion's fading reputation for perfidy. No wonder we cannot get its poison out of our system.

The extraordinary thing is that the first, most decisive and incomparably most important decolonization achievement aroused hardly any enthusiasm among the British public. Perhaps, in the nature of things, the abandonment of empire cannot be made an occasion for rejoicing. But there was very little mourning, either. Two hundred years of imperial glory and imperial shame were just written off. It all ended "not with a bang, not with a whimper or a small cheer—but just in apathy". The apathy remains, as can be testified by anyone who attempts to interest a non-specialist audience in India or Pakistan. Professor Tinker, quite rightly, thinks this a pity, and is trying to make "some slight impression" on the prevailing indifference. No one is better qualified for the task than he—he knows his stuff and writes clear, vigorous prose. Nevertheless, *Experiment with Freedom* is not likely to become a best-seller.

However, those with a taste for recent history will find his book of absorbing interest; for one cannot but feel that Professor Tinker has got the record straighter than anyone else. Here, for the first time, full justice is done to Wavell and the

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dent deduction and in directing the reader to the sources of the employment of some categories of the stronger claim to have drawn the one and only set of categories from the importance of the stronger claim. Another of Mr. Bird's books is the *Structure of Kant's Philosophy* with Locke and Hume. He draws with little difficulty the alleged distinction that Professor Pichard, Kant, Kant did indeed not see the mind "constructs" the world in the same way in the geometrical figure, Mr. Bird Kantian terms into a modern "conceptual necessity", which will remain the standard account until fuller information becomes available. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, even then, its judgments are likely to need serious modification.

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**THE LANCASTER HOUSE PATTERN**  
TINKER: *Experiment with Freedom*. India and Pakistan, 1947. 165pp. Oxford University Press, Clarendon House. 15s. (paperback).

of the occasion for the publication of Tinker's new account of decolonization of India and Pakistan is the twentieth anniversary of that event. *Experiment with Freedom*, however, is much more an occasional piece. Drawing on a wide reading, his acquaintance with the leading protagonists, and his own experience as a "civil servant" the author has attempted a clear and unbiased account of the complicated sequence of events immediately preceding August 15, 1947. His success is more complete than anyone could reasonably have expected, and it can confidently be predicted that his account will remain the standard account until fuller information becomes available. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, even then, its judgments are likely to need serious modification.


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**GANDHIAN DOVE TURNED HAWK**  
GHOSH: *Gandhi's Emissary*. 351pp. Cresset Press. 42s.

Sudhir Ghosh's narrative, largely autobiographical, is of interest because he played a rather more than marginal role in the sequence of events that preceded the withdrawal from and partition of India in 1947. It may be that he overestimates his own importance as Gandhi's "reliable and steady bridge" between Great Britain and India; but he is by no means averse to self-advertisement and has a nice sense of humour. He also appears to lack the power of self-criticism; for there is never the slightest suggestion that he might have been in error on any matter of major importance, such as the reality of Mr. Jinnah's intransigence on the subject of Pakistan and the power of the Muslim League to force the hands of both Congress and the British. Nevertheless, partisan and self-important though he may be, he captures the events of the crucial months between January, 1946, when the British parliamentary delegation visited India, and August, 1947, when independence came with its accompanying partition at last arrived.

There is nothing here, perhaps, that will provoke any major review of the necessarily tentative conclusions that students of modern Indian history have reached; but the hitherto unpublished letters and the near-verbatim conversations tell us much about the ways in which the minds of the various protagonists, Indian and British, were working.

Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Ghosh's intimate contact among the Indian nationalists, emerges as a diplomatist with a great love for the country whose transition to independence—with unity he was trying so desperately to facilitate—promoted the author, is revealed as the greatest of Congress's "hard-boiled" personalities. Mr. Ghosh is of powerful personality and his own vigorous degree and indeed is one of the men who, by being out at an inopportune moment, the reservations of the Cabinet Mission's

plan that were secretly shared by most other Congress leaders, joined with Mr. Jinnah in torpedoing the only possible compromise settlement. And Mahatma Gandhi, whom Mr. Ghosh worshipped just short of idolatry, becomes more than ever an enigma. His habit of devoting his mind, at moments of supreme political crisis, to matters which less spiritually minded people would have dismissed as trivialities; the delicate "frankness" of his utterances; the apparent combination of saintly simplicity with a penchant for tortuous diplomacy; the insistence on appearing "detached" while remaining, in reality, deeply involved; and, above all, the man's fantastic power of inspiring a self-sacrificing loyalty among those who never imagined that they could rise to such heights—all these familiar characteristics are brought vividly to life. So are the difficulties of being the emissary of a saint.

As documentation, Part I of Mr. Ghosh's book, which occupies about two-thirds of the whole, is of first-rate interest. It is also, like the remainder, clear, well arranged and crisply written. Any annoyance that may be provoked by Mr. Ghosh's determination to present himself, in all circumstances, in the best possible light (remarkable how quickly he glides over his relationship with his *dé-nôtre*, Krishna Menon!) is soon overruled by admiration for the vigour with which he propels a narrative of such great historical importance.

The second part, entitled "The Nehru Era", is less of an anti-climax than might have been expected. Mr. Ghosh is not here attempting to sit in judgment on post-independence India; he is still telling his own story. From 1949 to 1952 he devoted his energies to the famous community development project at Faridabad in the Punjab; the nature and purposes of which he clearly explains. The success of this vast rehabilitation, industrialization and town-planning programme was due, in his view, to the fact that, for the only period of his career, he had enlisted the personal support of Jawaharlal Nehru. When this was lost—because of what seems to have been a rather considerable gaffe on Mr. Ghosh's part—the



J. M. Richards: *A Guide to Finnish Architecture*. 112pp. 177 plates. Hugh Evelyn. £2 10s.

The searchlight of international esteem and curiosity about current architecture has moved around the world rather freely and—must seem to many—often arbitrarily in the twentieth century. Soon after 1900 the centre of interest shifted from Brussels and Paris to central Europe, especially Vienna. A decade later the Wasmuth publications attracted attention to the American Middle West and specifically to the work of Frank Lloyd Wright. Around 1920 international attention focused on Holland, first on the work of the Amsterdam school and then on the architects associated with De Stijl, though there was also interest abroad in the far less drastically new architecture of Scandinavia, especially of Sweden. Then, later in the 1920s, the extensive postwar production of Germany and the work and pronouncements of Le Corbusier in Paris shared the enthusiasm of those who were drawn towards *Internationale Architektur*—a Gropius title—and seeking the road *Vers une architecture*—a Le Corbusier title. The Scandinavians were not slow to follow in this new direction—in 1930 Asplund housed the entire Stockholm Exposition in temporary buildings in the International Style of Le Corbusier and the Germans. It soon became known that in a remote land, separated from Sweden at the opening of the nineteenth century, but independent of Russia only since 1917, there were young men—notably Erik Bryggman and Alvar Aalto—who were following just behind Asplund. Indeed, earlier in the decade, in the international competition for the Chicago Tribune Tower in Chicago an older Finnish architect, Eliel Saarinen, had not only won the second prize but had also seen his project so loudly acclaimed as the competition's *succès d'estime* that he settled in America.

Before the Second World War, in the 1930s, Finnish architecture had a rising international reputation; in 1937 Aalto's Finnish Pavilion at the Paris Exposition attracted even more

favourable attention than had Le Corbusier's epoch-making early demonstration of his goals for a new architecture in the *Pavillon de l'Esprit Nouveau* at the 1925 Paris Exposition. Aalto was from then on a hero to many younger architects, the first to be accepted after the men who had founded the International Style in the 1920s. He received from students particularly the acclaim that was still chiefly accorded internationally to Le Corbusier, Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, if no longer to their Dutch contemporaries.

After the war, first Latin America, particularly Brazil, and then Japan stole some of the limelight. Yet neither Niemeyer nor Tange, much less their fellow Latin Americans and Japanese, has known the continuing, and rising, esteem accorded to Aalto and other Finns—an esteem recognized by Aalto's employment in the past twenty years in the United States, in France and several times in Germany, and by the late Viljo Revell's City Hall in Toronto, a commission which he won in a major international competition.

A guide to Finnish architecture in English by a leading English writer on modern architecture is the more welcome if it is, as Mr. J. M. Richards's book is, in many ways exemplary. Monographs with texts in English exist on several of the leading Finnish architects of this century, Eliel Saarinen (1948), Alvar Aalto (1963) and Revell (1966)—the last appearing too late to find a place in Mr. Richards's bibliography. Other evidence of continuing international interest is the fact that the number of the Japanese *Kokusu Kenkoku* for April, 1967, is in effect a monograph on another Finnish architect, Ruusuvaara, with some of the text in English. N. E. Wickberg's *Finnish Architecture*, with complete text in English, is rightly noted by Mr. Richards as the "best general account". There are also less useful ordinary guidebooks to Finland in English and a more detailed *Helsinki Architectural*

*Guide* (1963). But no single existing book is so well suited as Mr. Richards's to the needs of travellers in Finland who are seriously interested in the architecture of the past forty years.

Travellers need even more to be informed of the relative wealth of fine buildings of two other periods. One of these periods lasted through the first half of the nineteenth century, when the German architect, C. L. Engel, erected a remarkable number of urbanistically related public buildings in Helsinki that made the capital of this Russian grand duchy a small-scale Petersburg. The other period runs through the early decades of this century when the architects of what is called National Romanticism, led by Lars Sonck and Eliel Saarinen, produced many of the most conspicuous public buildings of Helsinki and Tampere, and also much private work of a quality equal to any that the European leaders of architectural advance in larger countries were then erecting. This is the more remarkable when one considers the size of the country—the entire population even today is about half that of London or New York—and its dependent position as a Russian grand duchy until 1917.

Earlier Finnish architecture—and building of any consequence hardly began in this remote northern land before the late Middle Ages—is of considerably less intrinsic interest. It does not differ much from the simpler architecture of Sweden through the fifteenth to eighteenth centuries, and indeed, by the time architects were employed, they were usually Swedish.

A complete treatise covering the entire history of Finnish architecture necessarily differs a great deal from similar books on countries where solid building started earlier, resources were greater, and production long before 1800 much more extensive. Wisely, Mr. Richards has not attempted to rewrite Wickberg's book, which is such a historical treatise, though a modest one.

Although organized chronologically, with special emphasis on the major building types of successive (and in some cases overlapping) periods, the main texts of Mr. Richards's chapters are short and the greater part of the writing consists of paragraph-long discussions of the buildings illustrated in the plates. The many plates are generally of good quality and it is agreeable to report that there is a respectable number of plans of the more important buildings—unnumbered and printed in the text pages.

Granted the clearly and intelligently limited scope of the book, there is little of which a reviewer need complain. It should be noted, however, that this is a guide to architecture in Finland only; it does not cover the important works by Finnish architects in other countries—even the buildings by Aalto and others in Viipuri are not included, since this Finnish town, lying between Helsinki and Leningrad, has been in Russia for the past twenty-five years. Considering the urbanistic interest of nineteenth-century Helsinki, a reproduction could well have been included of Ehrenström's plan of the city when it was laid out anew after the fire of 1808, and another plan—there exists one—indicating the location of the sixteen public buildings by 1822. On the other hand, the reader looking for the many views of the churches and so forth of the actual work of the Finns and generally of the French revolutionary period by critical indications to arrive at the work at hand. The first episode is a traditional one in the fiction of adolescence: young Oliver discovers sex with the daughter of the Town Crier. In the second he reluctantly participates in a farcical amateur performance of the town operatic society. The third—also traditional—is the mature man's return to the town, and his recollections of the spinster who had taught him music.

More than one-third of the work of Aalto and his colleagues from 1929 to 1965. Even if one will find much here by way of the work of high quality, and notable works of the Sirens, and wife, is the church at Viipuri, which is not included; but plenty of things not readily found in other publications that make its absence.

It would be splendid if the architectural guide-books, which have been so numerous since 1929, could be reduced to a few, as it existed for several other countries. But few would be so much worth the effort; there are not many now on modern architecture to which the reader can get to the work in their approach to the work.

## Fiction

## DOWN TO EARTH

WILLIAM GOLDING: *The Pyramid*. 217pp. 21s. MARK KINKADEE-WEEKES and IAN GREGOR: *William Golding*. 257pp. 35s. Faber and Faber.

separate episodes in the life of Oliver, son of a dispenser in a provincial town; the dates are from the 1920s to the late 1940s, the locale is Wilshire (though Golding adopts Trollopian place names, as he did in *The Spire*). The first episode is a traditional one in the fiction of adolescence: young Oliver discovers sex with the daughter of the Town Crier. In the second he reluctantly participates in a farcical amateur performance of the town operatic society. The third—also traditional—is the mature man's return to the town, and his recollections of the spinster who had taught him music.

Among these three episodes there are certain connections of character and scene, but these do not make for a very lightly or very elaborately structured book. The principal unifying element is perhaps the theme suggested by the epigraph: "If thou be among people make for thyself love, the beginning and end of the heart". In each episode Oliver is involved with a person who needs, and reaches out for love: Evie, the Town Crier's promiscuous daughter, Mr. De Tracy, the effeminate director of the musical show, and Miss Dawlish, the music teacher. But in each case he fails; he uses Evie, he laughs at De Tracy, and he admits, over Miss Dawlish's grave, that he is glad she is dead. Among people, he has made nothing.

This is a familiar theme in Golding's work: it is the principal argument of the last three novels, and particularly of *Pincher Martin* and *Free Fall*. The method seems at first glance a new departure. However, if one looks back at Golding's earlier work, one can see that his imagination has always had this other, less flashy side. Piggy, in *Lord of the Flies*, is kin to Mr. Polly, and there are realistic episodes and commonplace characters in the other books (excepting, of course, *The Inheritors*). In those novels, Golding had subordinated his realistic imagination to his allegorizing ends, but actually would thrust itself pushily forward; and it may be, if one reexamines those books in the light of the newest one, that they will appear less diagrammatic than one thought, and that Golding's critics will have to revise their critical vocabularies.

Mr. Kinkadee-Weekes and Mr. Gregor have written a book about Golding's first five novels. They see the five as a completed phase of Golding's work, and take as their task the elucidation of the texts. Elucidation is necessary, they say, because Golding's novels have been found obscure. Fair enough. But elucidation as a critical method has its limitations and its dangers. If may, in unskillful hands, become merely

paraphrase, or it may become a process for squeezing the "philosophy" out of literature; it may hover too close to the text and neglect the larger problems of the work; and it is most in danger of attributing to the text a canonical authority that prevents the essential act of judgment.

The authors are aware of these dangers, and admonish their readers not to commit them; but even as they warn, they themselves err. Their book is often acute in its textual exegeses, but it is marred by the inadequacies of its method: it is over-particularized and under-critical; it is neglectful of Golding's "shapes"; and forgiving of his lapses; and most seriously, it is indiscriminate in its admiration for Golding as a thinker. Golding's achievements are genuine, but they will scarcely benefit from such inflation.

It is difficult to extract justly representative passages from a critical book, but the following will give some impression of how this one goes about its business. First from the end of the chapter on *Pincher Martin*:

The fiction however is certainly wholly consistent and not dualistic at all. It may be ambiguous in the sense that we are made aware that there are two ways of reacting to it (according to whether God exists or not), but not in the sense that both views are right. We cannot expect Golding to know the answer to that problem; and it is a positive strength that he has created an image of man that will respond to either view. The image in all its aspects reflects a single vision of human life: an essential confrontation of Being with Non-Being. Criticism itself constantly aspires to the condition of fable. It is the lesson derived from working on Golding's novels that it should recognize the limitations of its putters and welcome opacity.

Mr. Kinkadee-Weekes and Mr. Gregor may have learnt to welcome opacity, but it is not likely that they will persuade their readers. An artist should not ordinarily be made to bear the burden of his celebrants, but Golding must be held at least a bit accountable for this canonical exercise. He has done a good deal of philosophizing, both in and out of his novels, and has explicated his own works on several public occasions. Those explications have not shown him to a very good advantage ("Fable", for example, his American lecture on *Lord of the Flies*, is depressing to read, coldly set down in *The Hot Gates*); indeed, they have done some disservice to an excellent novelist by encouraging his critics to focus on his philosophy. It must be concluded that philosopher-novelists, like philosopher-kings, are imaginable, but impractical. One therefore greets with favour and with some relief the appearance of Golding's least philosophical, and most modest, novel.

## MEXICAN EPIC

536pp. RAÚL NAVARRETE: *Aquí, allá, en esos lugares*. 245pp. Mexico: Editorial Siglo XXI.

But here the comparison must end. *Ulysses* was a pioneer work, which never explored the relations between conscious thought and subconscious processes: it was a quarry in which thousands of writers have been chipping ever since. *José Trigo*, however, is a *Ulysses* forty years on, no longer able to trade on youthful attractions.

As national epic, *José Trigo* brings in Mexican historical events; as a ballad of the railway workers, it traces the building of the railroads; as myth, it recounts the exploits of a Great Earth Mother archetype. And as if this were not enough, the structure of the novel is an analogue of the two shanty towns on the east and west side of the Nonoalco bridge.

The José Trigo of the title is a myth figure. He is the Mexican masses, the archetype of the country-born peasant who drifts to the city to join the uprooted shanty-town population. He arrives during the strike and goes to live in one of the converted railway carriages inhabited by Eduviges, the abandoned mistress of a railway worker. The "story" tells of the enmity between Eduviges's former lover, Manuel Angel, and Anastasio, his father-in-law, on

the one hand, and Luciano, the railway workers' leader, on the other. Betrayals, sabotage, violence during the period of the strike culminate in Luciano's murder by Manuel Angel and the ritual slaughter of Anastasio by the angry railway workers. Underneath the clumsy structure and the self-indulgent writing there are one or two good novels trying to struggle out. There is, for instance, an excellent adventure story based on the resistance of the fanatical "Cristeros" who defended religion against government persecution in the 1920s; there is a fascinating political novel about Mexican trade-unionism and there are plenty of interesting shanty town vignettes and anecdotes. But unfortunately the structure and techniques imprison rather than liberate these possibilities.

*Aquí, allá, en esos lugares*, also published by Siglo XXI, suffers from a similar overdose of technique. In this case, the author, Raúl Navarrete, represents simultaneously the child, the adolescent and the man in their traumatic emigration from village to the city. Both Navarrete and Fernando del Paso are writers of ability; it is pity that they have not borne in mind the maxim of Cervantes's Maese Pedro: "Be simple, young man... for all affectation is bad."

## INTIMATE SOUNDS

LAURENCE DAVIES: *The Gallic Muse*. 230pp. Dent. 4s.

In the belief that French composers over the past hundred years have transformed the character of both the solo song and the informal piano piece, Dr. Davies has singled out five figures who have indeed excelled in these small intimate forms. Perhaps to emphasize its lyrical quality, the French call the solo song a *melodie*, while the contemporary piano works are less often abstract sonatas than evocative *Préludes*, *Nocturnes* or *Rhapsodies*. Imagine a Vuillard interior or a Bonnard still-life: the music of this period will somehow deepen their colours. No one will quarrel with Dr. Davies's choice of composers as counterparts of such figures. They are Fauré, Duparc, Debussy, Ravel and Poulenc. The aesthetic principles of these upholders of the French tradition are outlined, the relative facts of their lives are discussed, and sometimes also a characteristic work is analysed.

But this is not just another period survey restricted to purely musical matters. A constant interaction of ideas is traced, springing from the wide artistic world normally inhabited by these composers. Thus *La Bonne Chanson*, the song-cycle of Fauré on poems of Verlaine, is shown to illustrate a sensibility common to several artists of the period who become interlocked in this work as in a dream world. The poems, we are reminded, were written by Verlaine for his child wife Mathilde at the very time when Mathilde's mother, Mme. Maubé, a pupil of Chopin, discovered the talents of the young Debussy. The settings by Fauré, made a generation later, were dedicated to and first sung by Emma Bardac, who became Debussy's second wife. Chopin's Verlaine, Fauré, Debussy—the affinities are clear enough. In fact connections of this kind transcend the scope of biography. They open a way to a study of the important influence of Chopin on the French composers through the agency, appropriately enough, of one of the principal Symbolist poets.

We know French music when we hear it, but its character is nevertheless difficult to define. "Always more prone to accept foreign influences than Britain," Dr. Davies observes, "France has not been as insular in its artistic attitudes as many commentators have tried to make out." Indeed, in its musical outlook France has been the opposite of insular: From the seventeenth century onwards Italian, German and Russian elements have been absorbed in the mainstream of the French tradition. More than this, it was an Italian, Lully, who created the French form of the grand opera; it was a German, Offenbach, who, crossing the Rhine, was able to establish the operetta; and it was a Russian, Stravinsky, who made the greatest impact on twentieth-century musical ideas in Paris. The fact is that a powerful French tradition, reaching back to the music of the Middle Ages,

not only remained undisturbed by incursions but became shaped and nourished by them. It thus came about that the unmistakable Frenchness of composers, could describe it as an *musicien en allemant*. Dr. Davies, how, alert to the main movements of his time, was able to adapt to the temporary Russian ideal of native standards of two modernization, and he also suggests this commanding figure as a composer of sufficient stature to resist the Wagnerian ideal. While other composers were music d'après Wagner, Dr. Davies achievement represented music d'après Wagner. The style, and branching out in his later work to the style of Stravinsky, is not assessed, though the composer's point in repeating old invention—but until now all have had a common allegorical (or fabulous or mythical) form. The new novel distills this pleasing uniformity. To the reader familiar with Golding's other novels, *The Pyramid* will be familiar by what it is not. It is not a fable, it does not contain evidence of a remote world. It belongs to another, more commonplace tradition of English fiction; it is a low-keyed, realistic novel of growing up and enlarged later edition of the Vladimir Jankélévitch's philosophical study, *Debussy et le mystère*, omitted and so is Manuel Delgado's *The Family and Childhood of Debussy*, an indispensable work, apparently unknown to Dr. Davies, or he would not assert that the room for speculation on the life of Debussy's birth. Only one, too, are the letters of Debussy, Francis Jammes, *Une Année à la campagne*, tracing the overpopulation of the crisis in the composition of the Ravel section fails to touch on the text of the important work on contemporary music, *Debussy et Ravel* at Houston. Poulenc is mentioned by *Moi et mes amis* but not his revealing *Journal de ma vie*, nor by his curious book, *Les dies*, nor by his original comic elements in his style.

*Von Reinhardt* by Reinhardt, a title of a three-volume collection of theatre criticisms by Herbert von Reinhardt, published in East Germany, is a published six years ago. A selection of this material has now been published by Rowohlts as a single volume (430pp.) paperback, with the title, costing DM. 16.80. Dr. Davies, who was the leading Berlin critic during the period 1909-1932, and is famous for his early championship of Wagner, is other contemporary writers with are Barlach, Bronck, Hasendorfer, Toller, Sternberg, Mayer, etc.; the index reads the index of honour of the German period.

The bibliography, including literary and social as well as musical, is not wide-ranging and full omissions are therefore not surprising. The first edition (1933) of Léon Vallas's biography of Debussy is listed, but not the revised and enlarged later edition of Vladimir Jankélévitch's philosophical study, *Debussy et le mystère*, omitted and so is Manuel Delgado's *The Family and Childhood of Debussy*, an indispensable work, apparently unknown to Dr. Davies, or he would not assert that the room for speculation on the life of Debussy's birth. Only one, too, are the letters of Debussy, Francis Jammes, *Une Année à la campagne*, tracing the overpopulation of the crisis in the composition of the Ravel section fails to touch on the text of the important work on contemporary music, *Debussy et Ravel* at Houston. Poulenc is mentioned by *Moi et mes amis* but not his revealing *Journal de ma vie*, nor by his curious book, *Les dies*, nor by his original comic elements in his style.

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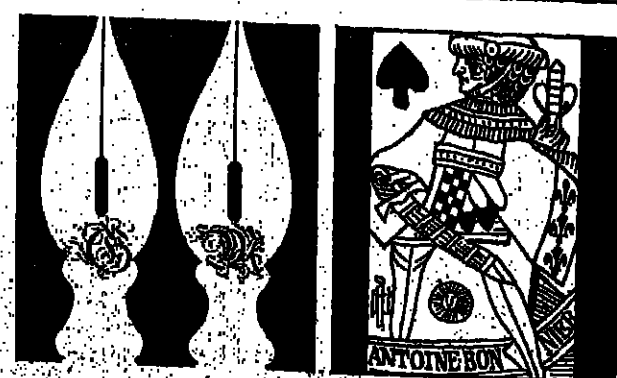


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## MACMILLAN



# BOLSHEVISM AND MENSHEVISM

SOLOMON M. SCHWARZ: *The Russian Revolution of 1905. The Workers' Movement and the Formation of Bolshevism and Menshevism.* Translated by Gertrude Vakar. University of Chicago Press. £3 7s.

Most of the Menshevik leaders who left Soviet Russia in the 1920s settled in Berlin; the advent of Hitler in the next decade moved them on to Paris; and, after the fall of France in 1940, the survivors crossed the Atlantic, taking with them their periodical *Sotsialisticheskii Vestnik*, which continued till quite recently to appear sporadically in New York. About ten years ago substantial funds were made available for the collection and publication in the United States of memoirs and other writings of the remaining Mensheviks. A good deal of material has since been made available to scholars in duplicated form. The present volume by Mr. Schwarz is the first in a series to be produced by what is called "the Inter-University Project on the History of the Menshevik Movement".

The title of the volume is frankly misleading. The subtitle, "The Formation of Bolshevism and Menshevism," comes nearer the mark. But in fact this is not a systematic account of any one topic. Mr. Schwarz is a veteran of many years standing, who was long the Menshevik expert on labour and trade union questions, and has in the past written copiously about them. In the remote past before the revolution, when the line between Bolshevism and Menshevism was less sharply drawn, and it was common to pass from one camp to another, he served his apprenticeship with the Bolsheviks. His subsequent conversion to Menshevism fortunately did not deprive him of a capacity to look dispassionately on the policies and predicaments of his former colleagues; and his book is almost entirely free from the barren bitterness and recriminations which mar so many Menshevik writings (as well, of course, as those of the Bolsheviks). Having cavilled at the title, appreciation must, in all fairness, be expressed of the solid, if rather miscellaneous, fare provided. The question whether Bolshevism or Menshevism were the better Marxists can most prudently be left

unanswered, since they disputed on issues with which Marx himself was not called on to deal. All Marxists believed in the advance of the revolutionary process through democracy to socialism: the bourgeois revolution and the socialist revolution were successive stages in a continuous movement. But this conception inevitably produced an ideological rift between countries which had passed through the bourgeois revolution and established bourgeois democracy and countries where these achievements still lay in the future. In western countries where the one revolution had been completed, and the other did not yet appear to be imminent, Marxists could argue in tranquillity about the relation between the two revolutions, about the concept of "permanent revolution", about the methods to be employed in bringing about the eventual socialist revolution, and about the attitude to be adopted to bourgeois political parties under a democratic regime. In Russia, where no revolution had yet occurred, where the first essential was clearly to sweep away an antiquated and oppressive autocracy, and where a revolutionary ferment was constantly active, all these questions acquired a significance and an urgency unknown in the west.

Broadly speaking, the Mensheviks were those who thought that the immediate task in Russia could only be to establish democracy, and were content to assume that, as had happened in the West, a certain interval of time might be necessary before things were ripe for the next, and socialist, revolution. The Bolsheviks, though they accepted the same sequence in principle, were too impatient to adapt themselves to this timetable, and, by concentrating on the ultimate goal of socialism, came increasingly to believe that the proletariat, or those who spoke in its name, would take the lead in the coming revolution, and establish democracy in the course of

the march towards socialism. For the Mensheviks, socialism was the end-product of a long process in which the next and urgent stage was bourgeois democracy. For the Bolsheviks, democracy—and not bourgeois democracy at that—would be achieved as a by-product of the struggle for socialism. Most of Mr. Schwarz's book turns on different ways of expressing this antithesis.

If, however, there is not much point in weighing the relative fidelity of Bolshevism and Menshevism to a pure and unadulterated Marxism, it is even less useful to debate the issue which were right and which were wrong, since different answers will be valid on different planes. The Mensheviks were right in believing that a proletarian revolution in Russia on Bolshevik lines, whatever its achievements, would lead to a form of democracy unlike anything hitherto seen in western countries, and to a kind of socialism different from that envisaged by Marxist or other dreamers and theorists. The Bolsheviks were right in perceiving that the orderly scheme of progression through bourgeois revolution and democracy to proletarian revolution and socialism, hitherto unrealized even in the west, held out no hopes for Russia, and was inapplicable in Russian conditions.

The two arguments could be pro-

longed indefinitely, and did not meet. The rift was implicit in Lenin's and Martov's opposed views about the character of the party which brought about the original split in 1903. Trotsky, no more an orthodox Menshevik than he was an orthodox Bolshevik, made it explicit in his reflections on "permanent revolution" inspired by the 1905 revolution in Russia. The Bolshevik view was finally crystallized in Lenin's "April thesis" of 1917, which marked the ultimate rejection of the Menshevik heresy, and served as the programme for the October revolution.

Mr. Schwarz discusses in scholarly detail, and with full references to sources, the problems posed by the 1905 revolution, and the attitudes adopted to them by Bolshevism and Menshevism. Neither group was homogeneous; and in Russia itself the cleavage between them, so clearly marked by their publicists abroad, was often vague and fluctuating. The picture of the revolution here presented does not aim at completeness: much that is familiar is omitted altogether. More attention than usual is paid to the role of the trade unions. As an instrument of revolution they were ineffective. The proletariat was small and weak, and its organizations functioned at a low level of consciousness. Trade unionism was honeycombed by the Zubatov and Gapon move-

ments, carefully analysed and distinguished by Mr. Schwarz. Mr. Schwarz points out, Lenin's trade unions were controlled by Webb's book on *Industrial Democracy*, which he translated into Russian at the turn of the century. As early as 1902, when he wrote *Is to Be Done?*, Lenin was warning that a Social Democratic Party, could derive its inspiration and leadership only from the revolutionary intelligentsia and not from trade unions.

Among the valuable contributions to history in Mr. Schwarz's book is his chapter, illuminating once again systematically, on the Petrograd Soviet of 1905, which he fairly describes as a gradual acceptance by the shiekhs of an organ which they had at first regarded with distrust. In a series of useful chapters, Mr. Schwarz also refutes some myths of Soviet historiography, mainly the picture of the revolution here presented does not aim at completeness: much that is familiar is omitted altogether. More attention than usual is paid to the role of the trade unions. As an instrument of revolution they were ineffective. The proletariat was small and weak, and its organizations functioned at a low level of consciousness. Trade unionism was honeycombed by the Zubatov and Gapon move-

## FIDELISM

RÉGIS DEBRAY: *Révolution dans la révolution? Lutte armée et lutte politique en Amérique latine.* Paris: François Maspero. 8.90fr.

Régis Debray, ex-Normandie, pupil of Louis Althusser and close friend of Fidel Castro, has made it his business to study and advocate insurgency in Latin America. Although only twenty-six years old, he is well-known in French and Latin American revolutionary circles for two long articles, "Le Castrolisme: la longue marche de l'Amérique latine" (*Les Temps Modernes*, January, 1965) and "América latina: algunos problemas de estrategia revolucionaria" (*Casa de las Américas*, July-August, 1965), both of which are largely an exposition of the Cuban stance on "wars of national liberation". *Révolution dans la révolution?*, first published in translation by Casa de las Américas, Havana, in January, and now in Paris in its original form, is to a great extent a reiteration of what he has said elsewhere, although it contains some new ideas on the structure of the guerrilla unit and some useful comparison with that of other countries.

M. Debray has had a great deal of first-hand experience of guerrilla warfare, and on April 20 he was captured by the Bolivian army in the region of Muyupampa in the south-east corner of Bolivia while apparently on a quite innocent journalistic mission. Held without trial near the town of Camiri where, according to *Le Monde*, he may have been interrogated by American specialists from the anti-guerrilla centre in Panama, he has aroused a great deal of sympathy and emotion among French intellectuals, not least a personal message from General de Gaulle to the Bolivian President, General Barrientos. M. Debray's chances of a fair trial from a Bolivian Government inspired with repressive fervour by the evidence of mounting guerrilla activity there seem remote.

The Cuban position, as outlined by M. Debray, presents an uncomfortable challenge to the official Soviet line on the "national liberation struggle", expressed by Mr. Brezhnev at the twenty-third party congress last year. Mr. Brezhnev made it meticulously clear that the Soviet Union does not stand for the export of revolution. The Cuban position is boldly independent of China, moreover, Fidel Castro having come to the conclusion that the struggle between Moscow and Peking is concerned more with power than with ideology. Castro's outbursts against China, particularly after the Chinese failure to meet their promises of rice supplies, are notorious.

In M. Debray's view there can be no revolution without armed struggle. The revolution involves the thing above all else: the defeat of one army

by another. A guerrilla army, quite independent of the civilian population, must be created with one aim in view, the destruction of the Government's army, which is the basis of the Government's power. Party bureaucrats who toe the Brezhnev line and believe that the revolution can be achieved through electoral pacts and the infiltration of trade unions sometimes accept guerrilla activity as subsidiary to their own "legitimist" action, realizing that a spate of terrorism may be of use if only to remind the Establishment of its vulnerability. But for M. Debray guerrilla action is not a propaganda measure, not a threat, but a struggle which is meaningless if not carried to its logical military conclusion, the overthrow of the "enemy base", the capital. The famous revolt of Peruvian Indians led by Tupac Amaru in 1780 is cited as an example of the dangers of not having a total strategy. The Indians under Tupac Amaru overran a great portion of the sierra, but by failing to march speedily on Lima gave the army time to reorganize itself sufficiently eventually to defeat them. M. Debray thus deplores the concept of *autodefensa armada*, whereby a section of territory is held by peasants (as in Colombia) or by miners (as in Bolivia) and turned into a "liberated zone" without further political ambition. (M. Debray was in Colombia on the eve of the regular army's attack on the "independent zone" of Marquetalia in 1964.)

For a variety of logistical reasons the guerrillas must, according to M. Debray, be independent of the Party. Party members, travelling to international congresses, basking in the luxury of ideological debate and secure anyway in the relative comfort of the city, can have no conception of the guerrilla's life in the sierra, which to them is "more remote than the moon", and anyway they can have no effective say in the logistical preparation of operations which must be improvised on the spot in relation to the terrain and the movement of enemy troops, and carried out with great speed and detailed precision. The guerrilla force, or *foco*, must be energetically mobile, its strength being surprise and inaccessibility. Attempted contact with the city puts it in danger of exposure, whereupon it can be rounded up by the regular army which is overwhelmingly superior in numbers, and particularly in the deployment of modern weapons supplied by the United States. Sole responsibility for the revolution must therefore be in the hands of the military commander, and the Latin American propensity for *caudillismo* is seen as useful to the formation of a unit closely knit around its leader, whose iron will is the sole guarantee of disciplined mili-

tary efficiency. M. Debray presents fairly convincingly that Fidel Castro's revolution was possible only because of the skill of its leader. The role of the party during the struggle in Cuba was indeed negligible, and at times almost nonexistent. It was Castro and his warriors, not the party bureaucrats, who were prepared to put up with unspeakable discomfort, risk their lives, and die. Most important, the Cuban revolution would never have taken place if the orthodox insistence on "objective conditions" had been observed. M. Debray's important point is the guerrilla unit, which creates revolutionary consciousness and propitiously "conditions" through the jobs of its military actions and, especially, through the creation of "liberated areas".

Such is M. Debray's scarcely concealed hostility to the orthodox party members, who with their "legalistic nostalgias" and insistence on "electoral opium" can have no hope of basically altering the structure of the continent, that accuses them of failing to be "proletarians". The city is, in definition, the "cemetery of revolutionaries". Real proletarians emerge only from the Spanish conditions of the sierra, true comradeship is the result of physical horror, incommunicable city, which infects revolutionaries with smug bourgeois assumptions. Debray's recent imprisonment put him firmly in the ghastly tradition of the Romantic revolutionary adventurer, and his belief in the importance of the sierra as a bourgeois therapy is one of the most arresting ideas in his book.

M. Debray's book will be a sensible reading for all concerned with the future of Latin America. Many young revolutionaries will find in it an unquestionable justification of their stance against "legal" methods, arguing, with M. Debray, that whenever a leftist Government does come to power, legally in America, it is either subjected to foreign invasion (Guatemala, Dominican Republic), or to an internal military coup (Brazil). On the other hand, the anti-guerrilla school, Panama, run by the United States, means business, and the guerrilla in Latin America, as M. Debray realizes, will not in the future be the power of novelty they were in Cuba. In fact, since the States has no intention of permitting a "second Cuba" in the hemisphere, it is difficult to imagine a Communist government holding on to power there, whether legally or not, attained, without an implacable struggle.

# LLOYD GEORGE KNEW MY DADA

September 1966. Zürich 1914-1918. 100pp. Zürich: Conzett & Huber. 4.40 Sw.fr. London: Barmerlea Book Sales. 8s. 6d. PETER SCHIFFERLI (Editor): *Dada in Zürich. Bilderchronik und Erinnerungen der Gründler.* 92pp. Zürich: Samsouci-Verlag. *Cahiers Dada surréalistes.* No. 1. Edited by Henri Béhar, Marie-Claire Dumas, Étienne-Alain Hubert and André Tinel. 232pp. Paris: Minard, for the Association Internationale pour l'Étude de Dada et du Surréalisme. 28 Fr. WALTER HOPPS, ULF LUNDE, ARTURO SCHWARZ: *Marcel Duchamp. Ready-Mades, &c.* (1913-1964). 93pp. Milan: Galleria Schwarz. Paris: Le Terrain Vague. 9,000 lire. *Cinquant'anni a Dada. Dada in Italia, 1916-1966.* 223pp. Milan: Galleria Schwarz. *Der Malik-Verlag.* Ausstellung Dezember 1966-Januar 1967. Compiled by Wieland Herzfelde. 160pp. East Berlin: Deutsche Akademie der Künste. MDN. 9.50 (Paperback, MDN. 4.50).

A century after the birth of Dadaism in Zürich it still seems a difficult movement for critics to see as a whole. The trouble is that although the Parisian contribution to it was relatively unimportant, it was not enough so to preclude students even now from looking at it through exclusively French eyes. The one Frenchman to be closely involved in Dada during its first three years was Arp, who was bilingual in French and German and was much more strongly individual an artist than the other Dadaists. He was also a painter and a sculptor, and his work was in any way characteristic of the movement or influenced by it. It is true that he had at first regarded with distrust, in a series of useful chapters, Mr. Schwarz also refutes some myths of Soviet historiography, mainly the picture of the revolution here presented does not aim at completeness: much that is familiar is omitted altogether. More attention than usual is paid to the role of the trade unions. As an instrument of revolution they were ineffective. The proletariat was small and weak, and its organizations functioned at a low level of consciousness. Trade unionism was honeycombed by the Zubatov and Gapon move-

The *Cahiers Dada* are published by the new Paris-based Association Internationale pour l'Étude de Dada et du Surréalisme, and the first issue starts slightly absurdly with a careful linguistic study of the term Dada which ignores all languages other than French. Though there is an illuminating article by Benjamin Gorély on Russian Dada (notably the Moscow group called the Nichevoks, of whom he reproduces a manifesto dated April 7, 1921), and a reconstruction by Michel Sanouillet of Tzara's still-born international anthology *Dadaïglobe*, the angle of vision is otherwise too narrow. The picture given is of a very French, very "literary" movement into which Tzara came as something of a disturbing element; even Ribemont-Dessaignes, whose attitude in some ways seemed closest to that of the founders, is seen to end his letters with the most hackneyed of bourgeois politenesses. The visual arts are represented only by Marcel Duchamp, who is held in the catalogues both of the 1964 exhibition at the Galleria Schwarz in Milan and of last year's very thorough retrospective at the Tate Gallery to have

anticipated Dada by some four years; a claim that is reasonable enough so long as these two developments are kept distinct, and so long too as Satie and Jarry, Klee, Morgenstern and others are admitted as having done the same. Unfortunately the Duchamp cult, for all the care lavished on such manifestations as the Tate catalogue—a first-rate piece of work in its way, for which Mr. Richard Hamilton was largely responsible—is not only horrifically confused in its prose but uncritical and, where Dadaism is concerned, unhistorical. Of all the people to become associated with Dada he was the finest, but what he began in 1913 was not the bourgeois establishment or the hypercritical of the First World War so much as his own artistic gift. Not surprisingly his dealer, Signor Schwarz's jubilee account of Dada is largely irrelevant to that movement. The historical emphasis of this compilation is all on Duchamp and Picabia, with only two works listed by Arp, three from Max Ernst's Dada period, nothing by Van Doesburg and nothing by Grosz or any other Berlin Dadaist, while the section called "Dada in Italia" includes artists like Fontana and Manzoni and anybody with a claim, however vague or specious, to be called "avant-garde". In such a context all the original impetus of the movement gets lost; a process sadly symbolized by such commercial operations as the reproduction of the old ready-mades (with the artist's approval) in batches of six or eight.

In his admirable booklet on Picabia M. Sanouillet spoke of the German Dadaists by contrast as "créateurs d'un néo-romantisme agressif fondé sur l'horrible et le fantastique". This, like the equally common suggestion that they con-

laminated the purity of Dada with "politics", is both mythical and unjust. Admittedly the two wings of the movement diverged widely, the one dissolving in Surrealism while the other led towards Constructivism and Neue Sachlichkeit. But, far from being neo-romantic, the Berlin Dada leaders Grosz, Heartfield and all-out war against the German bourgeois with a minimum of aestheticism or self-seeking showmanship. An invaluable document here is the catalogue of the exhibition which the East German Academy recently devoted to Wieland Herzfelde's Malik-Verlag, publishers of *Die Pleite. Der Gegner*, the catalogue of the Berlin Dada exhibition of 1920 (of which a full reproduction is included separately), and the early works of Grosz, Huelsenbeck, Hausmann and Franz Jung. Professor Herzfelde's modest and delightful introduction tells how he and his brother John Heartfield took over a half-dead periodical called *Neue Jugend* in 1916, turned to the most expensive printers as being the likeliest to give credit, and outwitted censors, call-up and the ex-editor to make it at once aggressive and pacifist. From this developed the first Grosz portfolio, the typographical innovations of Heartfield, arrests, lawsuits, the links with Piscator and (on his return from Zürich) Huelsenbeck. The name Malik itself appeared in 1917 and was taken from a novel by Else Lasker-Schüller, though Heartfield got it licensed by the censors on the ground that it was a tribute to their Turkish ally.

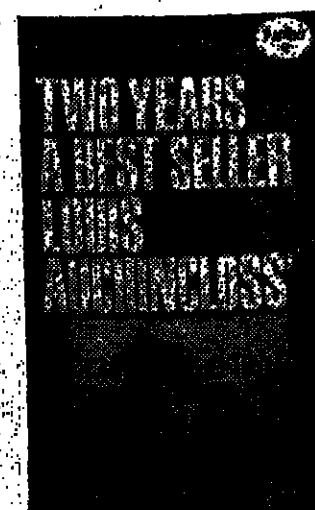
With the decline of German Dada after 1920 the Malik-Verlag became a more or less Communist publishing house, best known for its editions of Gorki, Ehrenburg and Upton Sinclair. An incidental by-product of these variegated pieces of evidence is the names of hitherto little-known Dadaists. Among the contributors to Tzara's *Dadaïglobe* are B. Hastings (with nine poems), G. B. Munson ("Three plays for a people's theatre"), Melchior Vischer of Prague and A. Vagts of Munich. The Berlin exhibition of 1920 names works by Georg Kobbe, W. Stuckenschmidt of Magdeburg (who seems to have borne the title *Musikdada II*) and Ben Hecht (a "greeting from America to George Grosz"). And after all there is still something international about the movement, however dispersed its effects have been. For the copy of the 1920 catalogue reproduced in east Berlin bears the stamp of the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the label under which a Paris bookseller originally sent it to Monsieur Paul Eluard. It seems a pity then not to acknowledge the fact.

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anticipated Dada by some four years; a claim that is reasonable enough so long as these two developments are kept distinct, and so long too as Satie and Jarry, Klee, Morgenstern and others are admitted as having done the same. Unfortunately the Duchamp cult, for all the care lavished on such manifestations as the Tate catalogue—a first-rate piece of work in its way, for which Mr. Richard Hamilton was largely responsible—is not only horrifically confused in its prose but uncritical and, where Dadaism is concerned, unhistorical. Of all the people to become associated with Dada he was the finest, but what he began in 1913 was not the bourgeois establishment or the hypercritical of the First World War so much as his own artistic gift. Not surprisingly his dealer, Signor Schwarz's jubilee account of Dada is largely irrelevant to that movement. The historical emphasis of this compilation is all on Duchamp and Picabia, with only two works listed by Arp, three from Max Ernst's Dada period, nothing by Van Doesburg and nothing by Grosz or any other Berlin Dadaist, while the section called "Dada in Italia" includes artists like Fontana and Manzoni and anybody with a claim, however vague or specious, to be called "avant-garde". In such a context all the original impetus of the movement gets lost; a process sadly symbolized by such commercial operations as the reproduction of the old ready-mades (with the artist's approval) in batches of six or eight.

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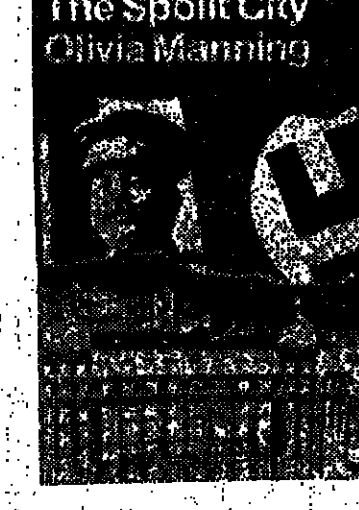
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# MAKING THE POINT

THE MILITARY ACADEMY at West Point, called by alumni "The Point" or "The Post", is one of the two American institutions which, in spite of occasional bursts of criticism, are accepted as among the indisputable assets of the United States. The other, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has a prestige which may not survive its most famous chief, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover. But West Point is not simply the shadow of a great man, (Mr. Hoover is assumed by his friends to be a great man), but an institution greater than any of its rulers or any of its products.

Stephen E. Ambrose's history of West Point, *Duty, Honor, Country*, has a double utility and a double interest. It is not only the story of a very famous military school, one of the most famous in the world, even if it is not quite the most famous military school in the world, as its loyal sons believe, but it is also the story of an institution whose history exists a good deal of light on American society. For when the Academy has been attacked, it has usually been attacked as un-American—and with some justice. For it has been and is an institution training an elite: its main achievements deny the simple Jacksonian belief that any American citizen can be trained to do anything in a short time, and the more general belief that the great defence of the United States is the citizen army trained in peace time in the militia and helped by the constitutional right, so it is asserted, of every citizen to bear arms.

West Point represents the attempt of the infant republic to prepare for its own defence, not by raising a large standing army, which both politics and finance prohibited, but by training the nucleus of a great citizen army should a crisis arise. This has been the mission of the Point, which it has achieved, as far as the politicians and the American democratic ethos have permitted it. It has provided officers for a small professional army fighting Indians and also officers to train great armies of citizen soldiers raised to fight in the Civil War and in the two world wars.

As a body producing an elite, it has been from the beginning suspect. As its basic training produced highly qualified and badly needed engineers, many of whom left the army as soon as possible after graduation, it was accused of being a method of giving young men a free professional education which they were able to market. There was some truth in the charge, and it is one of the legitimate boasts of the Point that it was the first, and for long the only, higher technical school in the United States. So far as West Point has an ancestor, it is the École Polytechnique in Paris. Its greatest superintendent, Sylvanus Thayer, was a devoted admirer of Polytechnique.

As Professor Ambrose points out, it was important for the future of the American army that its officer class was trained on French and not on German lines. And since more than half its graduates went into civilian employment and a good many of those who stayed in the army, like Robert E. Lee, carried out essentially civilian works of civil engineering on the Mississippi and in the harbours of the United States, its resemblance to Polytechnique was very close. Had it been removed from its remote situation on the Hudson to Washington (as was suggested), its resemblance would have been even closer. In that event, it would have been impossible to impose the monastic discipline on the cadets which was successfully imposed at West Point. It was a complaint of the students of the other grand old school in Paris, the Polytechnique, that the great school had among its teachers some of the most distinguished scientists of the nineteenth century, but as the Point began to produce its own alumni, its teaching staff was almost entirely

composed of people who had themselves been educated at the Academy. Oxford has never been so inbred as the Academy was until after the First World War. The teaching staff was not only inbred, but the curriculum was also extremely narrow. It was above all mathematical. As an alumnus, who was professor of modern languages, declared, "Like the house that defied the storm, West Point is built on a rock, and that rock is mathematics." During the period, cadets were spending 213,495 minutes of classroom time and preparation on mathematics and 239,720 minutes on non-mathematical subjects. The only foreign language taught was French, and all the French that the graduates acquired was the ability to read the specialized technical works which Sylvanus Thayer thought were all written in French. The translations from French works on engineering and other military scientific topics were fantastically expensive. It is no wonder that the two most famous non-graduating West Pointers before "The War" were Poe and Whitaker!

drawn many of their innovating teachers from the Academy.

The transformations in tactics and strategy brought about not only by the Civil War but also by the Franco-Prussian War were ignored. Generals, like Sherman and Sheridan, who had commanded vast armies, had spent their later years chasing Indians over the High Plains. Sherman resisted any proposal to alter West Point in any way. Sheridan, his successor as General-in-Chief, was a little more broad-minded, but not much. Superintendents were appointed and removed for no very good military reasons. General Schofield, who took over the job very much against his will, was given a rough ride by his political and military chiefs. General O. O. Howard was appointed largely to pacify left-wing Republican sentiment, and to ensure that the few Negro cadets were not driven out of the Academy by bullying. Howard failed, and Professor Ambrose might have discussed the question whether one reason he failed was his low prestige as a soldier. After all, the corps he commanded, mainly German, had acquired the unfortunate name "the Flying Dutchmen", and his greatest achievement, the Freedmen's Bureau, was not such as to endear him to the highly conservative faculty of the Point.

With the twentieth century things changed for the better. There were some enlightened members of the faculty and even some enlightened alumni who realized that the Academy was frozen in a posture which might have pleased most of the alumni, but made it less and less useful to the United States. After all—a point that Professor Ambrose might have developed—the organization of the army in the Spanish War of 1898 was even more absurdly incompetent than that of the British army in the Boer War. What had long been advocated was now brought about. Specialist schools which had begun with the artillery school at Fortress Monroe were now put on a regular basis and the army itself was reorganized under Secretary of War Elihu Root, who was as much of a Haldane as the political situation permitted. Yet the curriculum remained curiously archaic. Not until after the First World War was there any instruction in handling the internal combustion engine. It was a long time before slide rules were allowed. Although one of the objects of the Point was to produce officers who could command amateur civilian troops, the Point isolated the cadets from any real contact with civilians. It did not even train them to handle the "enlisted men" of the small professional army, and the "hazing" which was tolerated, indeed encouraged, in the Academy was found to be intolerable when applied to the rather rough diamonds who made up the American equivalent of Kipling's "Soldiers Three".

As Professor Ambrose insists, hardly any attention was paid from 1914 to 1917 to the war going on in Europe. But when the United States did enter the war, West Point again justified itself, not only in producing a number of competent generals like Pershing, but also in producing, in young General Douglas MacArthur, one of the two greatest superintendents of the Point.

In a sense, MacArthur was the antithesis of the regular West Pointer. He ignored the rules about dress; he returned salutes with his riding whip; he wanted to extend the curriculum; he agreed with most of the criticisms of West Point made by outside experts like President Eliot of Harvard. He really represented the reforming spirit of Sylvanus Thayer against the old guard who were fundamentalists about the institution Thayer had created. So MacArthur was removed before his time of office was up. It was rather as if the Duke of Cambridge had managed to get Lord Wolseley removed instead of being removed himself. However, the cake of custom was broken at last. The specialized schools were now producing a much more critical and open-minded type of officer than the Academy itself had produced. To pass out at the top of the school, as Lee and MacArthur had done, was no longer thought to be adequate as a military education, least of all by Douglas MacArthur. The training of the National Guard was taken much more seriously. It was there that Colonel George Marshall, a graduate not of West Point

but of the Virginia Military Institute, learned to handle civilian troops much better than General Arthur ever did. In these days of the "class" that stars led the class of 1915 with its class of generals of the Second World War, was as famous as any of the famous Harvard class of 1915. Even today there are academics in other institutions who think that the education given at Point is too narrow for the functions its graduates will fill. Even though the Point plays Notre Dame, and although only great scandals of military football team, which was then graded, then, were those who in all the service academies, one of the most distinguished graduates of the Point, General Taylor, has insisted, the object of the Academy was not merely to produce dedicated soldiers who are brave men. In this sense it is a tradition as all good military schools have.

It is also a school that endures good and, on the whole, a tradition. Although Annals published the officers of the Navy between 1941 and 1945, the naval war ever fought, it had the prestige of the Point. It was founded only in 1794, sharp practice by George Washington. Force Academy is too new a name for any particular feelings in the States. Seen across the Hudson river evening, the Point looks like a castle on the Rhine or one of the castles in Bavaria. It has the advantage over the German castles that it is still fulfilling a great function, and, of course, it is a much nobler river to the Rhine. The Academy has been that was hoped for by its founders and has lived up to phrase of "duty, honor, country" this enthusiastic but far too critical history makes it plain, sides why West Point is a nation much more revered than a tagion with which, at the moment is perhaps fighting a losing war.

**LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**  
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**VISUALIZING**  
The cinema has long been assumed to offer serious writers their swiftest and most darkly profitable route to self-destruction: a trail of butchered scripts led to the heart-shaped swimming pool and the best any real artist could hope to get out of Hollywood was material for one last novel, a triumph, ruined comeback. Scott Fitzgerald and Nathaniel West have taught us to regard the situation of the brilliant screenwriter as an almost perfect Romantic emblem of the arts in pawn to Mammon; although Hollywood's own masochism has allowed it to accommodate the resentments of less wealthy talents (Budd Schulberg, Clifford Odets, for example), most readers have been happy to take Holden Caulfield's brother-off to Hollywood to be a prostitute—as comfortably archetypal.

Concern for the integrity of reduced writers has until recently tended to blur any serious account of the real possibilities of screenwriting, the sense in which the new medium might be seen to pose demands and difficulties quite distinct from those of the stage-play or the novel, but every bit as complex. High praise has in the past been reserved for scripts like those of Tennessee Williams or Arthur Miller, which most impressively held out against "good cinema", and seemed to assert the vitality of language against the importunities of a medium that could possibly get by without it. If the camera could be reduced to an inert and fascinated attendance on the verbal—the set-piece slab of Southern rhetoric was ideally transfixing—then this could be applauded as some kind of victory for literature. In fact, it was invariably a shattering defeat. The mere touch of Marlon Brando's eyebrow could kill off whole florid paragraphs. The facile substantiality of the camera will always be one mocking step ahead of poetry and to the screenwriter's first and most essential obligation.

Of course, now that film criticism is evolving criteria and a vocabulary of its own, the urging of modesties like nostalgia for the silent era. At any rate, it has too often amounted to an acceptance of the most hideously mechanical and cliché-ridden dialogue as just one of the sugared crumbs that must be tossed to a mass audience if stealthily image-makers are to get on with their subtle self-industry. The cult of the jealously literary writer is too easily usurped by the cult of the jealously pictorial director. It is this development that worries Frédéric Raphael in a long preface to his script of *Two for the Road* (Cape, 21s.). He admits that writers have for too long maintained an "arrogant, guilty" attitude to writing for the cinema, that—although their scripts have been looked to pieces by studio bosses—they have assented to the butchery in too feebly self-admiring a spirit, clinging aridly to their maimed autonomy. Film-making, he insists, is a cooperative business and if the writer recognizes this, accepts his role in it, and then fights long and valiantly for decent standards, he will achieve victories not for literature but for the new art of screen-writing. All agreeable, except that Raphael's definition of this new art hardly seems more muddled than the old. He is as angry as any director as he is about

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snobbish writers ("if directors were half as clever in suggesting ideas as they are in pulling credit for other people's"), they would be inventive indeed") and a fair amount of his essay is devoted to fiery prophecy. The day will come, he predicts, when directors will be mere hand-maidens to the "visual writer" and when audiences—by means of taped home movies, which will last for as long as eight hours—will be able to appreciate the richness of visual scripts much as they now do a novel. They will be able to refer back to earlier incidents, they will be able to switch off the film before going to bed and switch it on again next morning, they will be able to skip bits that they find dull but which are essential to the writer's purpose, and so on. Quite how the technical and financial problems involved are likely to be overcome is left obscure. It is simply that "the day will come".

And so it may, but at this stage Mr. Raphael would have been better advised to work out in somewhat sharper terms just what is meant by "visual writing" as distinct from other kinds. He is sold at the expense of what he calls "the Age of Criticism"—which he believes to have encouraged writers to use "allusion" as opposed to "self-justifying expression"—and he sees current critics as "marooned among concepts which assume a stance that constricts any immediate contact with the work". (*King* magazine, though, is praised for helping critics "to be themselves".) He also sneers at "the assumed primacy of the printed word" but, in case we get the wrong idea, he also sneers at "the medium is the message". All this is communicated with a baffling energy and self-confidence and is parenthesized by lusty swipes at any number of currently esteemed film figures. The overall impression is that Mr. Raphael must know a good deal more about his subject than he is prepared to tell us.

A pity, because, especially with the spread of television, there clearly is a real need for someone to come up with a serious aesthetic of screen-writing and Mr. Raphael, as a vaunted practitioner, might have seemed the right man to provide at least some of the necessary facts. Even on his own work he is vague and unhelpful and we are left to deduce what we may from the interpenetrating flashbacks, the perfunctory dialogue, the maze of technical directives of the script itself. As we read, though, we must bear in mind Mr. Raphael's suddenly coy reminder that "you will, I fear, look in vain on the printed page for the magic and vitality which Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney brought to the playing of Joanna and Mark". We will indeed; and that is just another problem for the "visual writer" which is left coolly unexplored. Mr. Raphael may have talent, but he has yet to invent Audrey Hepburn.

**TLS 5**  
TLS 5, which is published today by the Oxford University Press at 45s., is organized on much the same lines as its predecessors; that is to say, it sets out to combine a selection of the previous year's most important articles from this journal (such as those on Dismal, hysteria, the Barthes-Picard controversy and the Papacy in the Second World War) with a cross-section of reviews of the year's most important books. There are, however, two special features this time. A section is devoted to reviewing "Prose out of Africa", ranging from Lewis Nkosi to the Rhodesian Brigadier A. Skeen, and the nine reviews are printed which discuss the actual work of writers granted Arts Council bursaries and awards. This forms a kind of appendix to the argument about "The Panel Game" which occupied most of this page during the last two months of last year. As the introductory note points out, "It is important to realize that the books in question are not always representa-

tive; none the less the reviews may be found to add a missing element to the debate".

**Letters to the Editor**  
**COPYRIGHT**  
Sir,—I am writing to bring to your notice an open letter which appeared in a publication called *The International Times* on May 27. This was signed by the managers or owners of seven bookshops, one of which is owned by one of the largest publishers in Britain, another, in his private capacity, by the managing director of a well-known general publisher, and a third by a man who owns a chain of bookshops. They are all bookshops specializing in the sale of poetry, avant-garde and experimental literature, which between them must account for a considerable proportion of the British sale of poetry, criticism and "highbrow" fiction.

The letter is a call for anarchy in book-selling. It contains a number of inaccurate and contentious statements which I do not wish to bring up in this letter, but it also says: "We believe that the public should be free to purchase all books in any edition as soon as they are published. We condemn any publisher who bans the sale of books of importance purely for his own personal gain." The reference applies principally to American books where the British edition appears after the American edition, or where there is an American paperback edition of a book only available in hardcover here, where the signatories wish to have the right to sell any edition they wish, whatever the copyright position. The chief sufferers from this would, of course, be authors. It is very profitable to bring in American reprints, bought at low prices and sold at high prices here, in advance of the British edition, or to undercut the hardcover sale by bringing in an American paperback edition. The situation would be serious for any kind of book, but where the books in question are experimental fiction and poetry, on which publishers normally expect to make some loss and where every copy of an American edition sold precludes the sale of the British edition, a disastrous situation is created for the publisher.

I am personally attacked in the letter for having published Robert Creeley's *Poems* in Britain three years after the American edition appeared. This was the arrangement that was worked out with the author and his agent, as it was felt advisable to introduce this author through a novel and a volume of short stories, and to publish the poems later. During this period, we kept on coming across American copies of the poems in Britain, most of them imported by the booksellers who signed *The International Times* letter. Not only has this, so far as we can ascertain, exhausted the bulk of the market of poetry enthusiasts, but it has considerably reduced the royalties that the author can expect, held up the paperback reissue for an indefinite or long period, involved us in a considerable and unnecessary loss and put those booksellers who respect the copyright law at a considerable disadvantage. Our own forbearance in warning the bookshops in question, instead of taking legal action and claiming damages, has now been rewarded with an especially vicious attack.

Copyright is already in danger of being eroded in some African countries, and publishers and authors have grounds to be very fearful of the future when those bookshops that profess to care for books put out a manifesto for "freedom" to import any book whether it is produced by pirate presses in Formosa or offered at reminder prices by big American wholesalers and exporters, or simply imported directly from an American publisher, where the author is receiving little or no royalty from the exported American edition, and the British publisher brings out his edition into an already saturated market. They are creating a situation where the difficulties of writers and publishers will be enormously increased and where there will soon be no point in publishers taking a risk on the publication of books that will be difficult to sell.

I am sure that your readers will be interested in considering the issues involved.

**JOHN CALDER**  
Calder and Boyars Ltd., 18 Brewer Street, London, W.1.

**FREE EDUCATION**  
Sir,—Mr. Lowden (May 25) asks if I believe that British universities are isolated from the factors which condition the rest of our society. The short answer is "no". But, as one who has protested, along with many of my colleagues, against the "iniquity" of Suez, I can say that I have met with no such inquiry among my colleagues. Perhaps we are protected to some extent from the factors to which Mr. Lowden refers. Some academics live in power, but it is usually for the sake of the subject they profess rather than for

personal aggrandisement; and they are, at least in my experience, nearly always scrupulous in their choice of means. I have never known one of my colleagues tell a deliberate lie; and as I have had some thirty years' experience in politics, mostly in local government, I am in a position to compare in this respect the academic world with the world of politics.

**KENNETH MUIR**  
Department of English Literature,  
The University of Liverpool.

**WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE**  
Sir,—To a parent, your reviewer's assessment (May 25) of Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are* seems well wide of the mark. The pictures are "scary" to whom? To your reviewer? Certainly not to either of our children or indeed to any other child to or with whom we have read this extraordinarily imaginative book.

Anyone who has actually shared the book with a child would find it hard to disagree with the judgment of those who very properly awarded it the Caldecott Medal, and it would be a pity if your review caused parents to have the "legitimate doubts" which you ascribe to them. Mr. Sendak's *Wild Things* are, after all, far more endearing, and enduring, than the Daleks.

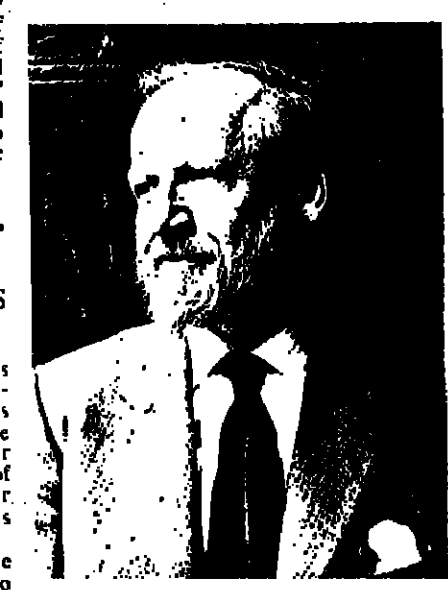
**ANTONY KAMM**  
7 Westminster Road, Stonegate, Leicester.

**THE WRITING GAME**  
Sir,—Your reviewer (May 25), in his excellent article on Raymond Queneau, has illustrated some of the techniques of an author who is often difficult and has suggested some clues to his mathematical and philosophical riddles. But Queneau is not just a writer who indulges in intellectual gymnastics, and it would not be quite fair to compare him, even in his most intractable moods, either to Valéry or to Sartre. For he is not deliberately perverse, he is never a fraud, he is more than just clever, and he does not write about sick, or to make his readers it. *Loin de Rueil* is quite the funniest novel in the French language; *Exercices de Style* is an encyclopaedia of verbal observation. Queneau is as familiar with the 27 as with the 21, with the 24 as with the 28—all his lines begin at Saint-Lazare—and the platform d'attente—yet another of those amiable, leisurely, lounging institutions now in the process of suppression by the technocrats—is as good a vantage point as *le zinc*—and better than the *Métro*, too crowded for conversation, too noisy for eavesdropping—for the social novelist; and this is what Queneau is. In the happiest popular tradition. For if his extraordinary verbal inventiveness and his joy in rendering speech owe much to a childhood spent in Le Havre, during the 1914-18 War, listening—on the tram from school he has certainly made the most of the *transports en commun*!—to English soldiers mauling French, and Havrais girls, English girls, the great cartoonist, he is his joyful humour, his innocence, his compassion and his enjoyment of unelevated company. Much of his dialogue goes—and has been heard—in the sort of restaurant—*restaurant des chauffeurs*, etc.—in which it was possible, in the 1940s or 1950s, still to get a good *bonnet* *gras* and who were likely to be found, on small squares, of the rue de Valenciennes, in the XV<sup>e</sup>. They are too *restaurants d'habitués*—with the painters and builders in their white coats and the horse slaughterers in their leather jackets. And the conversation is of a kind enjoyed by those who most daily and who share their allusive jokes. (This is what is so reassuring about such places.) The creator of *Zazie* is very close to his model; and there are sharp, observant, and rather naughty children in many of his novels. Like the sturdy characters who eat in the *Restaurant des Chauffeurs*, and like Zazie, Queneau shakes with fits of uncontrollable laughter.

Finally, unlike so many French novelists, whose approach to Paris has been via the Gare de Lyon or Austerlitz—the first view of the Promised Land of so many *Normaliens*, including the creator of *Jeppanlon*—his first contact with the Capital was via the Cour de Rome and the rue du Havre. Sartre found Le Havre intolerable—the Havrais, no doubt, were just not clever enough; worse, they may even have seemed happy; Queneau writes of the place with the same warmth as Béraud wrote of a childhood in Les Terreaux, between Rhône and Saône, or poor Maxence van der Meerch of Roubaix, in Mills, its canal and the long long rue de Lannoy, during the First World War, or under the *Front Populaire*. Many of his characters too trail the Seine Marianne behind them, when in Paris or *banlieue* *Saint-Lazare*. He has come to the best way. Queneau, even in the heart of N.R.F., is still a provincial, like Louis Guillaux or Hervé Bazin. This is part of his appeal, especially to the English, for nothing could be more reassuring than Le Havre.

**RICHARD COBB**  
Balliol College, Oxford.

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DAVID BEERS QUINN: *The Elizabethans and the Irish*. 204pp. Cornell University Press, for the Folger Shakespeare Library, London: Oxford University Press. 40s.

It is appropriate for a colonial historian to demonstrate that the relation of England to Ireland in the sixteenth century was essentially colonial. The appetite of the English for the acquisition of land, the reform of manners and the imposition of stable government was whetted by the island next door. Professor D. B. Quinn shows how closely the colonizing projects in the New World were intertwined with settlements in Antrim and Munster. The names recur—Gilbert, Raleigh, Lane—and so do the policies. Experience gained among the wild Irish proved applicable to the wild Indians, and vice versa.

Had Ireland really been inhabited by savages it would all have been much easier. England would this time have beaten Spain to the prize. Spain was interested, disconcertingly so, when so narrow a sea protected heretic England. There was, however, a native population, nominally the Queen's subjects, though often in rebellion, and professedly Christian, though obstinately Catholic. There were also the Anglo-Irish descendants of Norman settlers, with a foot by this time in both camps, and outraged on coming to England to be asked if they understood their own language.

With two races already in occupation English statecraft inevitably tended to play off one against the other. Bacon urged impartiality, the carrying of an even course between the English and Irish. Thomas Cecil thought it wise not to insist on complete Anglicanization but to accept the less unacceptable features of Irishry, and "to wink at certain private disorders". The alternative was too often a policy of frightfulness, not precisely designed as such by the politicians at home but encouraged, among the commanders in the field, by the hostile Elizabethan parsimony in men and supplies. Once resorted to, it was self-perpetuating, with its aftermath

of counter-terrorism and unmitigated resentment. But in so far as it removed the Irish it did favour the new wave of English colonists. So Humphrey Gilbert arranged that he could be approached in his tent only through a lane of severed heads, "which he used ad terrum, the dead feeling nothing the more pained thereby". This is the man who died piously in a storm off Newfoundland, declaring himself as near to heaven by sea as by land. Whom was spared, famine slew. They lay dead in the ditches, "their mouths all coloured green with eating nettles, docks, and all things they could tend above ground". Five children were found in a wood in Ulster, roasting a dead woman, and were supplied with a more decent diet from the knapsacks of the English soldiers.

This, Professor Quinn points out, did not happen everywhere or at all the time. To the English the Irish seemed pretty savage, but sixteenth-century Ireland had an efficient if primitive civilization of its own. The chiefs seem to have lived by carrying off one another's cattle. They had highly trained fighting men at their disposal and were incited by highly trained bards. Trained doctors attended them and trained lawyers settled their disputes. The English noted with disapproval that Irish law took murder lightly and worked on a system of fines. They thought it entirely dependent on oral tradition, but both law and medicine were in fact based on written records, though much was orally imparted. A diet of sour milk, rare meat and sorrels, which nauseated the stranger, bred a handsome race. The new native was too often a policy of frightfulness, not precisely designed as such by the politicians at home but encouraged, among the commanders in the field, by the hostile Elizabethan parsimony in men and supplies. Once resorted to, it was self-perpetuating, with its aftermath

Two ways of life were in collision. Professor Quinn rightly tips the balance to the Irish side, stressing the prejudices and the complacent superiority of the English observers. Their pastoral life of Ireland seemed merely chaotic. Feuds altered allegiances. Cattle changed pasture. Men and women changed mates. Poets and craftsmen were professional itinerants and that to an Elizabethan official put them in the category of "masterless men". There was no right of primogeniture in circumstances where the heir must be able to take immediate control of affairs. The chiefs did not personally own their lands, though they were quick enough to take advantage of the mistaken English notion that they did. This natural fluidity drove Tudor bureaucrats demented. Since they never fully realized the nature of the rhythms and patterns that underlay it, they were unable to break them. But they studied them with deep interest and some perspicacity.

It is from such material that Professor Quinn, with due attention to his bias, which in itself is part of his story, builds up a picture of Elizabethan Ireland. The English conception of the Irish character begins to take recognizable shape, and typically Irish faces look out from the twenty-six contemporary pictures which admirably illustrate an equally admirable text. The least well-documented aspect of the subject is that of the Irishman in England. Yet he was a sufficiently familiar figure there to be brought on the stage, sometimes speaking in his own tongue.

A fourth edition has appeared of *Genealogical Handbook*, a handy and authoritative little guide for beginners, full of practical advice in how and where to search. It is edited by Peter Sturford and Anthony J. Camp and obtainable from The Society of Genealogists (37 Harington Gardens, London, S.W.7) at 2s.

## TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL

J. B. HOPE SIMPSON: *Rugby since Arnold*. A History of Rugby School from 1842. 316pp. Macmillan. 4s.

Rugby, celebrating its quarter-century this year, is well served by Mr. Hope Simpson. The story of any school must be largely concerned with its headmasters, and even when Arnold is set aside Rugby through the nineteenth century was governed by some remarkable men. Two of them, A. C. Tait and Frederick Temple, later became Archbishops of Canterbury. A third, John Percival, drove the school with a discipline and energy that has not been equalled before or since, until after eight strenuous years he accepted the See of Hereford.

But the Trustees did not always choose wisely, and Mr. Hope Simpson tells the full story of Henry Hayman, who in 1870 was appointed to succeed Temple, while still at Bradford received an astonishing memorandum from the very masters who were to become his staff. This document expressed "grief and amazement" at the circumstances of his election, and in the controversy which followed the appointment the press, both local and national, took sides. The *Spectator* spoke of Rugby as "the greatest school in England" and called the appointment a "profound disappointment". The *Daily News* thought it understandable that Rugby should consider it "an insult to its past, its present and its future".

The *Times*, calling the Trustees an "irresponsible body", came out against Hayman though it later changed its opinion. Almost every other paper in the country added its voice either for or against the new headmaster. After four years of wrangling the Trustees voted to remove Hayman, who took his case without success to the Court of Chancery—he may have been somewhat consoled by a letter of sympathy from Mr. Gladstone. After this unpleasant interregnum the Trustees played safe by choosing a man who had been both a boy and a master at Rugby, T. W. Jess-Blake.

Although the school had by 1910 enjoyed many years of brilliant academic success, Mr. Hope Simpson points out that it was success in the old tradition and that the first trend towards modernization came with the appointment of A. A. David in that year. After Arnold, who treated his senior boys as men, the influence of the sixth form in the running of the school had become very great and this tradition was cherished by succeeding generations. The boarding houses were the personal property of the housemasters who could thereby earn high incomes under an inequitable system. By contrast they had been generous in contributing to the cost of the buildings designed by Butterfield, who

stamped his style of architecture on so much of the school. Houses were bought by the Governing Body, a pension scheme was introduced, a professional football master, new and younger masters brought in and timetables remodelled. It was during David's headmastership that Rupert Brooke, taking the place of his father, served for a term as housemaster. David saw the school through the 1914-18 War, and when Vaughan followed him, in 1921, the first appointment of a layman had been made.

With the appointment of Hugh Lyon in 1931 the author acknowledges that he is in the area of contemporary history, but he deals with these later years in an equally straightforward manner. He does not gloss over the fact that the choice of Sir Arthur Forde to succeed Lyon caused dismay in academic circles. Rugby before going to Oxford, was a distinguished solicitor with no previous direct experience of education.

Throughout the book Mr. Hope Simpson writes as an historian, setting out the facts and leaving readers to form their own judgments. Impressive details are given of scholastic achievement and of

## LIBERAL OF THE FUTURE

MICHAEL TIMKO: *Innocent Victorian*. 198pp. Ohio University Press. 50s.

The "Innocent Victorian" is Arthur Hugh Clough; it seems a strange appellation for a writer whose outstanding characteristic was his capacity for undermining the cushioning pretences which men build up in order to protect themselves from reality.

Professor Timko would agree about Clough's capacity to strip off these protective layers of conventional thought and action. But he thinks that Clough carried this far deeper than social criticism. Victorian thinkers, Matthew Arnold, for example, tended to see man as a stranded creature wandering between two incompatible worlds. But Clough in his most essential thought saw man not as a displaced person but as "one who simply had not yet come to the recognition of his own nature, his 'Inmost I'". Clough's purpose was to help on this recognition. He was "a liberal of the future", concerned not with systems and parties but with the individual's relationship to others and with the development of the human spirit. All this Professor Timko calls "Clough's positive naturalism", and it is this outlook which he finds fundamentally innocent, though way is not made clear although a

## LIBERAL OF THE PAST

GURVAS HUXLEY: *Victorian Duke*. 214pp. Oxford University Press. 35s.

The First Duke of Westminster lived from 1825 to 1899 and was probably the richest of Queen Victoria's subjects. Mr. Huxley, in a pleasingly written and fully documented biography, unfolds a story of exemplary virtue and responsibility which might have been lifted from the pages of Samuel Smiles. The Duke was liberal in his outlook, munificent in his benefactions, steadfast in his political and other friendships, in fact the model gentleman of high degree.

All this being so, his story is on the dull side, though this is to some extent relieved by accounts of successful activity on the turf, and of the way in which vast estates, particularly in Cheshire, were run. There are also hints—no more of private stresses which the author is far too discreet to emphasize; difficulties with his father, and later with his widowed mother; with his first Duchess; and with his sons.

The most noticeable characteristics in the Duke's make-up are undoubtedly his adherence to principle, and his loyalty. His liberalism led to his one recorded slip. During the last year of his life, he spoke in the Lords in favour of compulsory testing for women, sex-assistants, informing his fellow peers, with an engaging smile, that the question was "in every sense a long-standing one". And so it was: Victorian sex-assistants were, far too often, cruelly exploited, and the determination with which the Duke furthered

their cause argued kindness and imagination to which many of his fellowfortunates seem to have been strangers.

Adherence to principle parted him, politically, from Gladstone on at least one critical stage, but the warm old personal relationship was later restored—loyalty saw to that. If there is no convincing argument in favour of private wealth, and thus power, on such a scale as the Duke of Westminster commanded yet, if it was to be so possessed, his life provides a model of how it should be used. It is remarkable that he should altogether have avoided the parsimony of his father and the extravagance of his first wife, and have found

the proper balance. The remarkable happiness of his second marriage upon which all observers agreed, is a fact that in his later years he could depend on that enduring affection and understanding which he had found no means always found in his first day.

Mr. Huxley seems to have caught much of the Duke's unassuming serenity. Perhaps this was inevitable. A mischievous imp in some of his readers will wish to hear the rattles of a skeleton or two. They will be disappointed. This is an extensive work of solid nineteenth-century prose, without a trace of that world which pervades Impious biography.

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## DEMENS CLEMENS

WERNER HOFFMANN: *Clemens Brentano*. Leben und Werk. 424pp. Berne: Francke Verlag. Sw.fr.38.

The life of Clemens Brentano—*Demens*—Brentano, Caroline Schlegel once called him—is a romantic novel in itself: a cross between *Anna Karenina*, *William Tell*, *Goethe's Lucinde*, Eichendorff's *Die Töchter der Töchter*, and Hoffmann's *Elfiere*. Born into a wealthy merchant family and cultivated with Goethe, he grew up to fear his father and seek his mother in an almost classically Freudian way. After his father's death and a foredoomed attempt to make a business of his life, he spent much of his early life in desultory studies at various universities, and in wandering through Germany, often with his guitar, in search of erotic and other adventures. He was frequently attracted by his handsome southern features, his sparkling conversation and his impenetrable songs, and he was able to make friends with many men destined to play a decisive part in the second phase of German Romanticism. Not a few of them in fact married into his family: notably Achim von Arnim, who married Brentano's sister Bettina, and Carl von Savigny, who married his sister Gunda. But even in these early years Brentano set his friends' teeth on edge with his inner restlessness and unhappiness, born of the knowledge that he was *halbtot*, with-

out an anchor in life—a significant recurrent image in Brentano's work is that of the drifting boat, helplessly abandoned to current, waves and wind. This merged with a knowledge even less easy to forgive: that he was unable to lose himself fully in sensual or intellectual enjoyment. "I often do things with great vivacity," he writes in a letter, "but even while I am in the thick of activity a second, deeper soul within me recognizes all I do, and judges it as wholly worthless". This self-divided state will be familiar to all readers of German novels written in the Romantic period, and to all readers of Heine: it is the peculiarly Romantic schizophrenia which became known as *Zerissenheit*.

Again and again Brentano was struck (as if by lightning, Wilhelm Lehmann has said) by the beauty and desirability of women. His first marriage, to the poet Sophie Mereau, whose somewhat shocked past matched Brentano's own, was not altogether unhappy—but two children of the marriage died in infancy, and Sophie herself died in her third childbirth. A second marriage proved a complete disaster. He allowed a hysterical young girl, Auguste Bussmann, to carry him off (it is not too much to say that it was she who eloped with him) and manoeuvre him into the marriage-bed; what followed

was a succession of hideously farcical scenes, often culminating in physical violence, to which only a Strindberg could do justice. After the inevitable separation Brentano moved for a time to Berlin, where he joined the anti-Philistine (and, alas, anti-Jewish) *Christlich-Deutsche Tischgesellschaft*; he wandered about Germany and Bohemia, giving ever rein to his wicked tongue, alienating his friends and making more and more enemies. Adventures of the flesh left him progressively more cloyed and disgusted, drove him deeper and deeper into despair; and out of this satiety and despair he made some of his greatest poems, from "O lieb Mädel, wie schlecht bist du" to "Frühlingsschmerz eines Knechtes aus der Tiefe".

Gradually it dawned on him—not without help from Luise Hensel, the daughter of a Protestant pastor, whom he vainly wooed—that his salvation lay in Christ; and after general confession in 1817, he returned formally to the Catholic faith in which he had been brought up. He spent more than five years in the little town of Dülmen, by the bedside of the stigmatized nun Anna Katharina Emmerick, whose visions of Christ's life and passion he chronicled—producing what has been irreverently called "the Fifth Gospel according to Brentano". Even in religion he

never found true peace, but his later years do seem to have been spiritually less turbulent than his earlier. We have a last glimpse of him in the memoirs of the painter Friedrich Wasmann (not quoted by Professor Hoffmann), who visited him and dragged him off to a *Folkstheater* performance:

"How delighted he was when the leading man of the company played the knave Till Eulenspiegel; or when, playing the prince in *Cinderella*, he dressed in the clothes of his groom, and in that guise clicked his tongue at the dancing and preening of the Ugly Sisters, pretending to whip the girls like his horses! But in the midst of his abandonment to pleasure Brentano suddenly put his head next to mine and shouted in my ears: 'But all these fellows belong to the Devil!'"

It is an interesting story that Professor Hoffmann has to tell, and his narrative is clear, if a little plodding. He rightly stresses the *intimacy* of Brentano's life: as Görres first pointed out, we are wrong to see it as falling into two distinct halves, divided by the "conversion" of 1817. It is after all in *Goethe*, his very first novel, that we find the best characterization of the later Brentano:

Ein Pilger bin ich, suche aller Orten Das Göttliche im Irdischen zu finden. Professor Hoffmann is right, too,

in stressing that Brentano's restless searching and his choice of marriage-partners and friends can best be understood by a thorough scrutiny of the poet's relations to his mother. Where the book fails is in its evocation of the historical and social background of Brentano's life: this remains shadowy and vague, and the figures around the central one (Bettina, for instance, or Arnim, or Görres, or Anna Katharina Emmerick) obstinately refuse to come to life. Historical imagination is clearly not Professor Hoffmann's strong suit. This may help to explain one or two slight failures of tact: the use of the word "völkisch", for instance, without ironic or condemnatory overtones, or the contemptuous "Polacken" in a passage in which the biographer seems to be speaking with his own voice rather than Brentano's. He might also have pointed out that the poem "Die Nacht", which meant so much to Brentano and is therefore mentioned more than once in this biography, is in fact the opening section of Hölderlin's great elegy *Brot und Wein*. On page 174 *Der neue Mendoza* should read *Der neue Menoza*. Readers interested in Brentano's work rather than his life will find plot-summaries and quotations, but little that is new and illuminating.

## BETTER READ THAN DEAD

Modern Russian Poetry. An anthology with verse translations edited and with an introduction by Vladimir Markov and Merrill Sparks. 842pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £5.5s.

Modern Russian Poetry contains a splendidly rich collection of poems. There are other anthologies which cover similar ground, in particular Mr. Milner-Gulland's recent *Soviet Russian Verse*, various Soviet-produced volumes and the latter part of the *Penguin Book of Russian Verse*. The last-named of these

includes plain prose translations, which help the reader whose Russian is shaky, but do not claim to be of poetic value in themselves. By contrast Professor Markov and Mr. Sparks give us not only 400 pages of Russian poems but also 400 pages of corresponding English poems for the reader who knows no Russian. In this he is the interest and the vulnerability of the undertaking.

The authors have followed the now common pattern by which a scholar who knows the original language of the poems collaborates with a poet who does not. In this process, though the scholar may do much to determine the finished shape of the poem, in the long run it will be predominantly the work of the English poet. Mr. Sparks has previously worked with Robert Lowell, who is one of the most distinguished translators (or "imitators") of foreign poetry writing in English. Lowell succeeds largely because he resolves the old tug-of-war between fidelity and beauty firmly in favour of beauty and yet in doing so he paradoxically often seems closer to the original than if he had translated slavishly. His *Phaedra* is the only worthwhile English stage-version of Racine's *Phaedra*.

Mr. Sparks has been less bold. In his preface Professor Markov says some interesting things to say about their collaboration and its inevitable aim of formal equivalence (as he

confirms, and compromises, noting that "the poetic individuality of the translator makes itself felt in the translation, and I finally gave up and stopped fighting Mr. Sparks's tendency for whimsical enjambements and splits in rhymes"). Nevertheless, as the next paragraph shows, the authors have stopped short of Lowell's "imitation" (while at the same time avoiding what Professor Markov calls Nabokov's "suicidal principles" of fidelity) and sometimes the translations leave the impression that the syntax and prosody of the Russian have had a little too much influence on the English.

Most of the Russian poets represented in this book used or still use verse forms and rhetoric which would seem odd or old-fashioned in modern English. Foremost among these are the frequency of ternary measures and dactylic endings (due to the distinctive character of Russian words), the regularity of iambic metres, the use of patterns of repetition and symmetry and the richness of rhymes. There are, of course, many much less regular poems. In general, as one might perhaps expect, these are the ones which come across best in translation.

The difficulties arise more with poems where rhyme, pattern and formal rhythm matter more—and here not so much with those poems which show a rich adventurous use of language (Mr. Sparks makes good poems out of Voznesensky's alliterative "Goya" as with poems like the terse quatrains of Akhmatova. Here, unless the translator abandons the aim of formal equivalence (as he

sometimes does, to good effect), it is largely a question of luck. Sometimes the two languages can be made to coincide happily, as in the fourth stanza of Blok's "The Stranger":

Upon the lake the creaking oarlocks sink,  
A woman shrieks, while in the sky  
That disk of moon, inured to everything  
Looks down and leers its stupid eye.

But in the sixth stanza of the same poem the requirements of rhyme or assonance have forced on Mr. Sparks a stanza which is more awkward and slightly less comprehensible than the original:

And by adjoining tables all around  
The drowsy waiters slide like drunks.  
While drunks under their rabbit-eyes  
Expound  
Their shout, "In vino veritas".

Rhyme is the number one enemy. More than this, as the feelings grow that the translators have taken on too much, have attempted to cope with too many lines of verse in too many styles, so that the performance inevitably flags. But it is all too easy to criticize: the authors disarmingly comment on Vyacheslav Ivanov's "To the Translator": "This poem might be considered the epigraph to this entire anthology", and in it we read:

Since someone else's verse is Proteus,  
A slippery god, you can't catch him with  
Or courage.

It is no surprise that the authors fail to catch all the Proteuses; we must be grateful for the many successes to be found in a volume which is attempting something more comprehensive than can be found elsewhere in this field.

A few words must be added about the selection of poems. The book opens with a nice idiosyncratic pre-

## ESSAY ON THE ESSAY

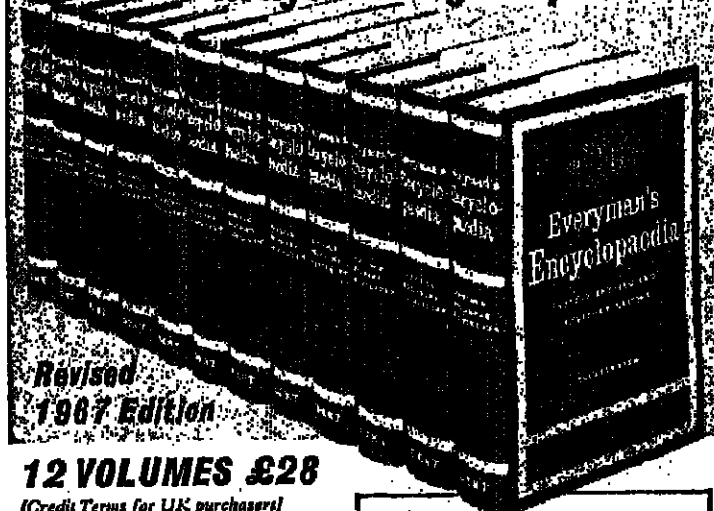
LUPWIG ROHNER: *Der deutsche Essay*. Materialien zur Geschichte und Ästhetik einer literarischen Gattung. 928pp. Neuwied and Berlin: Luchterhand. DM 65.

The literary "essay" has two patron saints: Montaigne, who used it as a form of spiritual and intellectual autobiography, and Bacon, who compressed into it the books he had no time to write. Its invitation to brevity and elegance proved of particular importance in Germany, where prose-writing has notoriously tended to be unwieldy and prolix. In nineteenth-century literature it has played an essential part; great

writers from Hofmannsthal to Gottfried Benn, communicated some of their finest insights in essay-form, while Thomas Mann, Musil and Broch, in their different ways, integrated it into the modern novel. Yet theorists of literature have shown themselves strangely shy of approaching the essay, whose very nature defied translation into German; and it is rarely symptomatic that the handbook compiled for the Fischer-Lexikon not only fails to provide a separate entry for the "essay" but also does not even acknowledge the existence of its German variety in the index.

Clearly, Dr. Rohner's compulsion arrives none too soon. It turns out to be for all its show of system and classification—a rag-bag of quota-

tions and lists of titles, which it is impossible to read through with any pleasure; but it is a rag-bag into which all succeeding writers on this genre will have to dip. Dr. Rohner's reading has been prodigious. He refers to, and quotes from, nearly every German writer of note who has ever attempted a definition of the essay or submitted to its discipline; he gives examples of many types of classification, thematic and formal; and he adduces enough English and French examples to enable his more patient readers to see the German works he summarizes in their European context. This clumsily written and prolix book on an elegant and concentrated genre should prove invaluable to the more critical and more polished writer who will one day produce the definitive work.

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## THE FALL OF THE HABSBURGS

Sir—Your reviewer (May 11) tells us that the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities meeting in Rome in April 1918 signified the abandonment of attempts by the Allies to save Austria-Hungary by a separate peace and he calls to his aid the formidable reputation of Professor Valiani to show that he is right. The tendency to make the allies in allied countries responsible for persuading the European governments to destroy the Dual Monarchy has been exaggerated by historians, not least by myself. Yet to quote one example, the report of the Congress sent to the Foreign Office by the British ambassador created little excitement. "The Congress seems to have been a great success," wrote one official in the margin. "We have yet to see its effects." The reluctance of the Allies to destroy Austria-Hungary was reached gradually during the summer and autumn of 1918 after all attempts to negotiate a separate peace had failed. Such negotiations might have been successful had the Vienna government been willing to seek a separate rather than a general peace and had it been willing to make some territorial concessions to Italy. However, in March, 1918, Count Czernin, the Austrian Foreign Minister, believed that the Germans were about to repeat on the western front their Russian triumph. Victory being within sight there was obviously no more point in negotiating. Even then it took the Allies several months to accept this unpardonable truth. Perhaps the decisive factor was the role that the Czechoslovak legions played in Russia. They were important to the French because they wanted them transported to the western front to make good the heavy losses that they themselves had suffered. The British who would have had to provide the transport for these troops were not keen. It would have meant diverting ships from the Atlantic route in which they were busy engaged. In any case they hoped that the legions might become the focus for a resurrected eastern front. The French were keen to have the Czechs on the western front rather than the Americans, realizing only too well that President Wilson would exact a heavy political price for every G.I. he sent over.

The Allies were now prepared to give some sort of recognition to the Czechoslovak National Council in Paris, and this of course implied the readiness to see Austria-Hungary vanish from the map of Europe. When in September, 1918, negotiations took place for an Anglo-Czech convention, one of whose clauses guaranteed Czechoslovak representation at conferences where questions affecting the interests of Czechoslovakia were under discussion, the Italians protested vigorously. Lord Robert Cecil, Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, remarked: "Experience shows that Baron Sonnino can take exception to anything... Our recognition of the Czechs was very carefully worded and though it would undoubtedly be consistent with the dismemberment of Austria it does not in fact bind us to that solution."

It was only President Wilson's answer to the Austro-Hungarian government of October 19, 1918, which boldly faced the prospect of dismemberment. Wilson stated that he recognized that a state of belligerency existed between the Czechs and the Austro-Hungarian and German Empires and that the Czechoslovak National Council was a *de facto* government clothed with proper authority to direct the military and political affairs of the Czechoslovaks. He also recognized the justice of the nationalistic aspirations of the Yugoslavs. The President's note was on to the Rome Congress, being largely taken as a basis of peace, but it is obliged to insist that they, and not he, shall be judges of what action on the part of the Austro-

Hungarian Government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of the rights and destiny as members of the family of nations. Your reviewer also states that Leonida Bisolati was the first Allied statesman to proclaim national self-determination as a war aim, in 1916. In an interview given to *The Times* on September 25, 1914, Winston Churchill said: "We want this war to settle the map of Europe on national lines and according to the true wishes of the people who live in disputed areas. After all, the blood that is being shed, we want a natural and harmonious settlement which liberates races, restores the integrity of nations, subjugates no one... And on August 30 he had told an American correspondent that if Europe is re-arranged 'as far as possible with regard to the principle of nationality and in accordance with the wishes of the people' then the world will look forward to general disarmament. Although the Prime Minister Asquith had not made the principle of national self-determination a British war aim, he did demand in his Guildhall speech of November 9, 1914, that the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe be placed upon an unassailable foundation. The French Premier Viviani associated himself with this declaration.

HARRY HANAK,  
School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, W.C.1.

\* Your reviewer writes: As I understand Mr. Hanak, he is arguing that (1) The influence of the exiles from Austria-Hungary and their friends in allied countries "has been exaggerated"; (2) Only in Wilson's note of October 19, 1918, was the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, i.e., the ultimate application of the principle of national self-determination, accepted by the Allies.

(3) Bisolati was not, in 1916, "the first Allied statesman to proclaim national self-determination as a war aim"; in the contrary, Churchill proclaimed it in August/September, 1914.

Points (2) and (3) seem to me difficult though not impossible to reconcile. On point (1) I certainly did not intend to imply in my review that all the credit for the triumph of the nationalities in 1918 should be given to the exiles and their Western friends. Still less did I intend to attribute such a view to Professor Valiani. Obviously many other factors were at work. As Mr. Hanak rightly points out, Allied policy concerning Austria-Hungary was greatly influenced towards the end of the war by Czech anxiety to acquire the manpower of the Czechoslovak legions. He could have added that it was the Italian High Command's near-despair after Caporetto, of ever achieving victory in the field that made it so keen to use the subversive propaganda that emanated from the Rome Congress of Oppressed Nationalities. As Mr. A. J. P. Taylor has written: "War aims were weapons of war."

On point 2: When Professor Valiani describes the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities as "the mortal blow to the Habsburg Monarchy," he is referring to its impact on those nationalities inside the Dual Monarchy. After the Congress, independence, as opposed to a Habsburg solution of autonomy or federation, became a reasonable aspiration for the peoples of the Dual Monarchy. The failure of the last Austrian offensive on the Piave in June the possibility of an Allied victory began to look like a certainty. However, reluctant Sonnino and others of his way of thinking may have been to accept Croats and Slovenes, or even Czechs, as allies, the future of Austria-Hungary had, after the Rome Congress, been largely taken out of the Allied hands.

On point 3: I, of course, agree that the dedication and persuasiveness of the exiles, even had they been one hundred

times more numerous, would have availed little if the general climate of Allied opinion had been different. In stating that "the friends on whom they could rely were pitifully few," I did not say that they lacked "sympathy" in high places in Britain and France. The spirit of Gladstone was not dead in 1914. Even so, it would be interesting to know what people Churchill had in mind when he made the statements which Mr. Hanak quotes (I suspect Alsace-Lorraine, possibly Bosnia, perhaps even Prussian Poland, but not Bohemia or Croatia or Transylvania). And Asquith in November, 1914, was surely thinking only of Belgium and Yugoslavia causes did attract sympathy at a relatively early stage. Grey, for instance, predicted privately in May, 1915, that "The greater part, at any rate, of the [Southern] Slav districts will become free and enabled to settle their own destiny". Balfour, too, a few days before Bisolati's public statement of October 1916, stated in private that "I should greatly like to see it [the principle of nationality] applied in Bohemia also". But such expressions of sympathy, as Mr. Hanak himself admits, did not amount to adopting the destruction of Austria-Hungary as a British war aim. If the Austrians had agreed to a separate peace in 1917 the principle of nationality would have been shelved with polite regrets.

Bisolati's position was very different. His war aim was the Mazzinian *Austria Delenda* and, left to himself, he would have fought on till it had been achieved. What is more, he wished to apply the principle of nationality to his own country's official war aims, which meant Dalmatia, Albania and the Dodecanese. This was his publicly declared position six months before the United States intervened. These facts surely substantiate Professor Valiani's claim that Bisolati was the first Allied statesman to proclaim national self-determination as a war aim.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY AND DR. BOWERS

Sir—Your good review on "Bibliography and Dr. Bowers" (April 27, 1967) contains a remark on bibliography that needs clarification. I knew well that my article on John Tate and the earliest English watermarks needed a graphic illustration; but radio-factors were at work. As Mr. Hanak rightly points out, Allied policy concerning Austria-Hungary was greatly influenced towards the end of the war by Czech anxiety to acquire the manpower of the Czechoslovak legions. He could have added that it was the Italian High Command's near-despair after Caporetto, of ever achieving victory in the field that made it so keen to use the subversive propaganda that emanated from the Rome Congress of Oppressed Nationalities. As Mr. A. J. P. Taylor has written: "War aims were weapons of war."

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Sir—Mr. Conquest has somewhat misrepresented me. The facts of our life were as he has stated. But I was not, as he implies, so inexperienced in these matters as to suppose that no lefty would descend to the "infantile" crack. I simply thought that you, Sir, would hardly drop your standards so far as to print a letter conceived on that level.

However, that is past history, as I am now 108, up again, having offered Mr. Conquest double or quits. He declined (wisely, as it has turned out) to take bets against any of the following propositions:

(1) That Mr. Jones, while not denying that he had indeed supported military action likely to lead to the death of children, would nevertheless continue to assert his moral superiority to the Americans, and to Mr. Conquest, on the issue;

(2) That he would transpire Mr. Conquest's expression of horror at children being killed at all, but extra detestation

Sir—Professor Harries, in his letter published on May 4, rejects any hope of "making the African oral tradition come alive in English". The statement obscures or ignores some important issues. He seems to take his stand on the evidence of direct translation from that medium of language, or interest, for most English language readers. But there are several ways in which the oral tradition can "come alive"; translation is only one of these.

Yet even when confined to translation Professor Harries's argument is too limited; we should ask how much of our judgment depends on the process of translation. Many of the non-literary and non-verbal techniques of oral literature (gesture, music, audience participation, etc.) have to be omitted when the spoken word is fixed into rigid print; this is well enough known. An English reader is left very often with the script of a "performance". But he is also left, as with any translation, with the skill of the translator. European literature has become known and valued by English language readers because of the quality of the translations available. We can argue about the accuracy or faithfulness of translations, and in recent years the problems involved in judging translated work as "literature" have been increasingly studied. The fact remains that we are often left with the task of evaluating translations from African languages, made for various reasons in English. (i) by direct translation; (ii) by the re-creation of modern works or forms in the second language; (iii) by the creation of new works in English, using the English literary tradition and forms yet modified by the influence of another linguistic and cultural tradition. Each type evaluation of literature is a process of creative re-creation. It is a process of creative re-creation. It is a process of creative re-creation.

There are then at least three ways in which the oral tradition is being continued in English: (i) by direct translation; (ii) by the re-creation of modern works or forms in the second language; (iii) by the creation of new works in English, using the English literary tradition and forms yet modified by the influence of another linguistic and cultural tradition. Each type evaluation of literature is a process of creative re-creation. It is a process of creative re-creation. It is a process of creative re-creation.

But to discuss the single issue of evaluating translation is not enough. The work of bringing oral tradition into writing in English is being carried out, often successfully, by those Africans who "prefer to write in a foreign language". (Though to such writers English is a second language, not a foreign language; the distinction is necessary.) As Donatus Nwagwu pointed out recently when discussing contemporary West African novelists, poets and dramatists: "It is significant that part of the work they do involves folk literature as it is becoming."

EDGAR WILSON,  
Department of English, London University, Suburb, Ontario, L2A 4G1.

ILL-DONNE: WELL-DONNE

Sir—The absolutely indispensable qualification of sincere bias against Americans... (Mr. Le Come, May 18). As an occasional occupant of what Mr. Curran has called as "the reviewing stands of the T.L.S." I scarcely recognize myself. Looking back over the past three years I see that I have warmly welcomed in your columns the edition of Garrick's letters by David M. Little and George M. Kahrl: the first volume of the edition of Lady Mary Herbert's letters by Robert Halsband; the volumes 32-34 of the Yale edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence by William S. Lewis; and the edition of Spenser's *Letters* by James M. Osborn. All these works are examples of American scholarship at its admirable best. But American scholarship, like English scholarship, is not infallible. Bad American books sometimes receive rough handling in your columns; and so do bad English books as simple as that.

ONE OF YOUR REVIEWERS.

HISTORY LESSON

Sir—In your issue of Thursday, May 4, 1967, on page 371, your reviewer

dealing with the book of Sir David Brogan, *Worlds in Conflict*, mentions that it consists of a series of lectures given at the University of Pennsylvania. "In memory of Mr. Blaustein."

While Mr. Blaustein, a prominent philanthropist and former member of the United States delegation to the United Nations, has indeed given these lectures, I am glad to state that they were given to his very friendly admirers, he is very much alive and naturally engaged in his numerous cultural and charitable endeavours.

HARRY TORCZYNER,  
521 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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and the truth that many have been told is covered in the photographic art of Joan Strickland.

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ACADEMY OF VISUAL ARTS, 12, South Molton Street, London, W.1.

## COUNSELS FOR DEFENCE

At their being killed on purpose, ready approval at their being killed, killed by ground troops.

Several other suggestions which Mr. Jones does not always express (rigorous criteria) were also rejected. Mr. Conquest finally took me to task for the superior reliability of the Vietnamese propaganda against the press of the free world. Mr. Jones, with misplaced charity, gave the implication that I was plumping the nuances of the language to be greater than my own. I am forwarding to next week's event.

KINGSLEY AINSWORTH,  
108 Maids Vale, London, W.1.

AKAMBA, YORUBA, SWAHILI

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sophical works. That Epicurus actually makes a pleasant life impossible. Reply to Colotes in defence of the other Philosophers and Is "Live Unknown" a wise precept?

The fourth, *On Music*, is of special importance, but this is now ascribed to Plutarch by few scholars.

Folklore

BEEDINGTON, WINIFRED G. and CHRISTY, ELSA B. (Compilers). *It Happened in Hampshire*. Illustrations by Betty A. Haggard. 215pp. Winchester: Hampshire Federation of Women's Institutes. 6s. 6d.

KENYON, KATHARINE M. R. *Here and There but Mainly in Hampshire*. 68pp. Winchester: Gilbert's Bookshop. 9s. 6d.

A new introduction precedes the fourth edition of the gatherings of Hampshire lore and history made thirty years ago by the county's Women's Institutes. It is a miscellany which preserves many folk-memories and whose value can only increase with time. Here may be found the quaint dialogue of some of the mumpers' plays, legends and tales of smuggling, carols sung by wandering gipsies, notes on parish registers, and much else. The second book brings together eleven short essays which first appeared in *The Times* and elsewhere. The haunts of Gilbert White at Selborne, Jane Austen's preoccupation with the weather, and a Winchester tripper in 1840 who "acquired" a skull from the cathedral crypt as a souvenir are a few of the themes of these tranquil studies.

History

Charles II's Escape from Worcester. Edited by William Matthews. 178pp. G. Bell. £2. 2s.

Charles II's escape from Worcester is not one of the most important events in British history but it is certainly one of the best documented. Professor William Matthews of the University of California has conscientiously reproduced the exact text of Charles II's own narrative of his escape which he dictated to Samuel Pepys in 1680 together with Pepys's edited version of his transcript. He also prints from the Pepys Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, other material that Pepys collected in order to give historical completeness to the King's story which it was his ultimate intention to publish. The documents are valuable not because they provide any new information about the events but because they illumine Pepys as a scholar, historian and stylist.

OLIVER, ROLAND, and ATMORE, ANTHONY. *Africa Since 1800*. 304pp. Cambridge: University Press. 25s.

WARD, W. E. F. *Emergent Africa*. 231pp. Allen and Unwin. 30s. (Paperback, 15s.)

Professor Oliver, Professor of African History at London University, and Mr. Atmore, Fellow of the School of Oriental and African Studies, have produced an excellent short volume which should be particularly useful to those coming afresh to the study of Africa. Their approach is balanced. The book will encourage readers to pursue the subject further.

Mr. Ward, formerly senior history master at Achimota College, Ghana, and sometime Director of Education in Mauritius, covers the same period as the authors of *Africa Since 1800*. He, however, writes specifically for schools, and is admirably clear and concise, and manages to put African developments in perspective without overcrowding his text with detail.

Horticulture

DONY, JOHN G. *Flora of Hertfordshire*. 112pp. Hitchin: Urban District Council Museum and Art Galleries. 42s.

J. G. Dony's *Flora of Hertfordshire* is much more than a list of plants growing in Hertfordshire, which here includes the present county together with adjacent areas included in Watson's vice-county "20 Hertfordshire". In a foreword E. J. Salisbury suggests reasons for the some of the salient changes in the plant population in the past seventy years. This is followed by a chronological account of the study of the flora beginning in 1548 when William Turner recorded the Spindle Tree. An unusual feature is the inclusion

of an illustrated series of habitat studies of more than 450 species, each selected area of five yards radius having been visited at two different seasons.

The distribution of the more common species in the County is shown in some 56 pages of maps, using a 2 x 2 km grid. Notes are given in the text on the distribution of rarer species and matters of historical interest. A coloured plate of the Chiltern Gentian makes an attractive frontispiece and dust cover. The book is well-indexed and concludes with a list of relevant references, manuscripts and herbaria.

Flowers of the Islands in the Sun. Notes by Graham Gooding. Paintings by Clarence E. Hall. 143pp. Thomas Yoseloff. Distributed by W. H. Allen. £5. 5s.

Thirty-two coloured plates of plants which grow in the islands of the West Indies, together with commentaries and popular names. While not attempting anatomical detail the artist has depicted these brilliantly coloured flowers as he saw them. The pictures will revive memories for those who have already been charmed by the brilliance of tropical plants in bright sunshine and will perhaps stimulate others to go and see them.

Librarianship

CAMPBELL, H. C. *Metropolitan Public Library Planning Throughout the World*. 168pp. Pergamon Press. £2. 10s.

The first book is an interesting contribution by the Chief Librarian of Toronto Public Libraries to an international series of monographs in library and information science. It seems that in public library provision as in other things, the gap between the haves and the have-nots continues to grow, with the rich on the whole getting richer, and the poor more numerous; nor are the cities without libraries only found in the newly developing countries. In the light of this situation Mr. Campbell considers the role of public libraries in great cities and shows how various metropolitan areas of different sizes cope with their responsibilities, beginning with the giants—London, New York, Los Angeles and Tokyo-Yokohama—and ending with a look at possibilities ahead.

Mr. Hunt's memorial history of an association now engulfed by the reorganization of London government and "believed by its members to be unique in the world of British librarianship" can be read in conjunction with the chapter on London in Mr. Campbell's book. Mr. Campbell welcomes as "particularly fortunate" the fact that the Public Libraries Act and the London Government Act came at the same time, a view Mr. Hunt does not share. Nor does he share entirely Mr. Campbell's equanimity about the future. The last chapter of Mr. Hunt's record of a noteworthy venture in cooperation at many levels, which has operated for the general benefit of the public since 1928, is entitled "Out of it in Prime". But at least he ends on a note of hope that librarians in association will still have a part to play in the new era of London local government.

Natural History

The Devonshire Association Report and Transactions. Vol. 98. 41pp. Devonshire Press, 7 The Close, Exeter. £3.

West County naturalists will find matter for reflection in the opening paper of the Devonshire Association's 1966 volume; where Mr. H. G. Hurrell considers, amongst the fauna of Devon and the new dangers for wild life. Rare and badgers, both survivors from prehistoric times, are exposed to the incursions of modern intensive cultivation provides these as man with more food. Of the birds, most of those known to early men remain, with perhaps some additional species added to more open country. In spite of threats from the use of toxic chemicals and destruction of hedgerows, the writer finds hope for the future in the growing concern for preservation of fauna which has managed to survive in the past even without man's conscious encouragement. As always the *Transactions* are a substantial source of

## BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

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Thirty-two coloured plates of plants which grow in the islands of the West Indies, together with commentaries and popular names. While not attempting anatomical detail the artist has depicted these brilliantly coloured flowers as he saw them. The pictures will revive memories for those who have already been charmed by the brilliance of tropical plants in bright sunshine and will perhaps stimulate others to go and see them.

Librarianship

CAMPBELL, H. C. *Metropolitan Public Library Planning Throughout the World*. 168pp. Pergamon Press. £2. 10s.

The first book is an interesting contribution by the Chief Librarian of Toronto Public Libraries to an international series of monographs in library and information science. It seems that in public library provision as in other things, the gap between the haves and the have-nots continues to grow, with the rich on the whole getting richer, and the poor more numerous; nor are the cities without libraries only found in the newly developing countries. In the light of this situation Mr. Campbell considers the role of public libraries in great cities and shows how various metropolitan areas of different sizes cope with their responsibilities, beginning with the giants—London, New York, Los Angeles and Tokyo-Yokohama—and ending with a look at possibilities ahead.

Mr. Hunt's memorial history of an association now engulfed by the reorganization of London government and "believed by its members to be unique in the world of British librarianship" can be read in conjunction with the chapter on London in Mr. Campbell's book. Mr. Campbell welcomes as "particularly fortunate" the fact that the Public Libraries Act and the London Government Act came at the same time, a view Mr. Hunt does not share. Nor does he share entirely Mr. Campbell's equanimity about the future. The last chapter of Mr. Hunt's record of a noteworthy venture in cooperation at many levels, which has operated for the general benefit of the public since 1928, is entitled "Out of it in Prime". But at least he ends on a note of hope that librarians in association will still have a part to play in the new era of London local government.

Natural History

The Devonshire Association Report and Transactions. Vol. 98. 41pp. Devonshire Press, 7 The Close, Exeter. £3.

West County naturalists will find matter for reflection in the opening paper of the Devonshire Association's 1966 volume; where Mr. H. G. Hurrell considers, amongst the fauna of Devon and the new dangers for wild life. Rare and badgers, both survivors from prehistoric times, are exposed to the incursions of modern intensive cultivation provides these as man with more food. Of the birds, most of those known to early men remain, with perhaps some additional species added to more open country. In spite of threats from the use of toxic chemicals and destruction of hedgerows, the writer finds hope for the future in the growing concern for preservation of fauna which has managed to survive in the past even without man's conscious encouragement. As always the *Transactions* are a substantial source of

information on Devon history, biography, and architecture.

Railways

DAVIES, W. J. K. *Light Railways of the First World War*. A history of the tactical rail communications on the British front, 1914-18. 196pp. David and Charles. 35s.

"By 1918 they formed a huge connected system on the western front, over 800 miles in length and carrying something like 200,000 tons of supplies weekly," writes Mr. Davies in the introduction to his fascinating and detailed account of the work of British light railways in the First World War. We were, as usual, exasperatingly slow in realizing the potentialities of narrow gauge but, thanks to the vision of men like Sir Eric Geddes, investment and operations were greatly extended and were increasing when the war ended.

Religion

BAILEY, JOHN. *The Ministry of the Church in the World*. 125pp. Oxford University Press. 9s. 6d.

This book is based on lectures given by Mr. Bailey gave at the Mindolo Ecumenical Centre in Kilwe in Zambia, and he says that it owes much to his students at Limuru in Kenya. He is evidently a teacher with considerable gifts of thought and exposition. The lectures provide a very attractive discussion of Christianity in the modern world where Africa has made and is still making rapid strides to absorb the technology and culture of the west. If Mr. Bailey sees that Christianity is certain theological ideas, he sees also that its direction is towards the world, with the Kingdom of God composed of real people at its centre. The book's approach can be described as orthodoxly modern, and always it is clear that he has in mind real students about whose lives he is speaking. The book might very well prove useful in teachers' training colleges.

Social Studies

SEABROOK, JEREMY. *The Unprivileged*. 137pp. Longmans. 25s.

The dust-jacket defines the theme as "a hundred years of family life and tradition in a working-class street". Mr. Seabrook's annals are those of a Northamptonshire family which had perhaps more than its share of troubles—incest, wife-beatings and half-wits among them—but which was typical of its time and class in its resignation to things as they were; to inevitable poverty and to the master-servant relationship. The picture, however, depressing, is drawn with skill; the crude dialect

of an illustrated series of habitat studies of more than 450 species, each selected area of five yards radius having been visited at two different seasons.

The distribution of the more common species in the County is shown in some 56 pages of maps, using a 2 x 2 km grid. Notes are given in the text on the distribution of rarer species and matters of historical interest. A coloured plate of the Chiltern Gentian makes an attractive frontispiece and dust cover. The book is well-indexed and concludes with a list of relevant references, manuscripts and herbaria.

Flowers of the Islands in the Sun. Notes by Graham Gooding. Paintings by Clarence E. Hall. 143pp. Thomas Yoseloff. Distributed by W. H. Allen. £5. 5s.



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